

NOVEMBER

15 CENTS

IN CANADA 20¢



Life

ANIMAL KINGDOM





If Not a hair out of place

This serenely confident young lady has just stepped from her car. She has no fear that her hair was tousled or her gown ruffled by unkind breezes, for her car has Fisher No Draft Ventilation, latest and greatest contribution to personal appearance and comfort—to health and safety. No Draft Ventilation, in any weather, provides fresh air without chilling drafts on any passenger. In stormy weather it keeps the interior of windows and windshield safely fog-free. And in appearance it sets the new style—visibly identifies a car as modern. Doesn't all this make it more important than ever for you to have a new car—and for that car to have Body by Fisher?



on GENERAL MOTORS
CARS ONLY:
CHEVROLET • PONTIAC
OLDSMOBILE • BUICK
LA SALLE • CADILLAC

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it has
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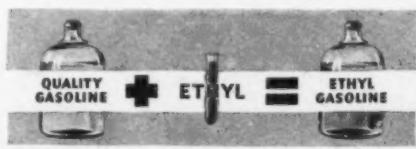
RAIN STORMS will play tricks on you. And so will an old motor—unless it has Ethyl.

But stop beside the pump that bears the Ethyl emblem every time you need gas and then you know what your car will do.

It will run its best all the time!

You don't always want top speed—or flashing pick-up—or the extra power it takes to zoom over hills in high. But when you do, you want 'em! And when you're driving at moderate speed, Ethyl makes the difference between real pleasure and just going somewhere. It brings back the fun you used to get from your car.

Stop at an Ethyl pump and discover what millions of others know today: *The next best thing to a brand-new car is your present car with Ethyl.* With oil companies selling Ethyl at only 2¢ a gallon over the price of regular, you can't afford not to use it. The savings Ethyl makes in repairs and upkeep more than offset this new low premium. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.



NOW
SOLD BY OIL COMPANIES AT
only 2¢ PER GALLON
over "regular"

NEXT TIME STOP AT THE **ETHYL** PUMP

In a coma from that aroma



"TEMPORARY asphyxiation from bad tobacco in a bad pipe." That's what the doctor put in his notebook. And this remorseful husband learned that it isn't only apples that keep the doctor away.

Here's a prescription for keeping wives not only conscious, but happy with a pipe-smoking husband. Ask the tobacco store man for Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco. It's that mild, flavorful blend of rare Kentucky Burleys that pleases husbands and wives alike. It's kept fresh in gold foil. When it's packed in a well-kept pipe, it will give you more satisfaction than heavier tobacco, and you could smoke it in a submarine without upsetting the white mice.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. O-311



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

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Life

NOVEMBER : 1933

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"He's asleep now. The sandman finally came."

Live in an apartment lifted high over Central Park . . . decorated in exquisite private-home taste. Entire floors, with 4 exposures . . . also smaller suites. With boudoir dressing-rooms, and refrigerated serving pantries.



By the day, month or year

AT THE

**SHERRY-
NETHERLAND**

on Central Park . . . New York

+

Fifth Avenue at 59th Street

DEAD CERTAIN

WHILE a lot of statisticians deal in figures that are hooley
And their higher mathematics are the bunk,
And their logarithmic theorems quite frequently go blooey
And their prophecies are very largely junk,
There is one who's never guilty of an error momentary
And who never says I Guess or I Suppose;
When you want the Facts, you question an Insurance Actuary
For the Actuary actually KNOWS!

He won't give you any figures on your own exact existence,
But he'll show you, as an item in the mass,
What your chances are to travel any designated distance
Ere the mourners view you lying under glass.
He can tell you, as a member of the millions, what'll get you;
And what habits speed you swifter to the close;
He has got you on his roster, though he's never even met you.
For the Actuary actually KNOWS!

He's no individual prophet nor a personal fortune-teller
But as one among the mortals in a mob,
He knows all your past and future—there is no one who is sweller
At a general prognosticating job!
He observes us, as an Average, with an eye that never slumbers
And he checks us off in bunches and in rows,
As a wholesale proposition he has got our mournful numbers
For the Actuary actually KNOWS!

You can make a string of figures tell an awful lot of fables
You can make 'em prove the Cons as well as Pros,
But as sure as Death and Taxes are the Actuary's tables
For the Actuary actually KNOWS!

—Berton Braley.



WHO shall decide which is the best of the better beers? Is the answer to be found in public preference? Perhaps. Is it to be found in the opinions of experts? Perhaps. But when both the public and the experts agree, the answer is clear and unquestioned. That's why we say without fear of contradiction, Pabst Blue Ribbon is the best of the better beers.

© 1933 Premier-Pabst Corp.

PABST
BLUE RIBBON

Best of the Better Beers

SERVING A SWEET COCKTAIL is like putting the milk bottle on the table

You can spoil a dinner party quicker by serving sweet, sickish cocktails than by bringing the milk bottle to the table or eating with your knife. Bad manners offend your guests' sensibilities but sweet cocktails upset their digestions—which is much worse for them. Worse for you, too, because they won't appreciate your dinner.

People who know their way around are returning to pre-prohibition ways—tart cocktails—vermouth cocktails—Martinis, Manhattans and the rest—which stimulate the appetite, not deaden it as sweet drinks do.

If you have any doubts about how to mix them, the coupon below will help. In any event, have your grocer send you two bottles of Martini & Rossi, one Regular, one Dry. Then you'll know you're giving yourself and your guests an even break. But remember—it isn't a real Martini unless it's made with Martini & Rossi.



Tray from Saks—Fifth Ave. . . Empire decanter, glasses and bar glass with bands of red and silver from Abercrombie & Fitch...In the offing—a Manhattan. 1 part rye, 1 part Martini & Rossi, bitters, maraschino cherry.

Every good dinner begins with
MARTINI VERMOUTH
AND ROSSI

Imported and Guaranteed by W. A. TAYLOR & CO.

The Automatic Bartender is a Fool-Proof Cocktail Mixer. Make 6 most famous: Martini, Manhattan, Bronx, Daquiri, etc., in correct recipes. Proportions on side. You can't make a mistake if you can see to pour. In stores, would cost \$3.50 to \$4. Special price by mail, \$1.50. Use the coupon.



W. A. TAYLOR & CO., 12K Vestry St., New York City
Please send me free your new booklet of revised recipes—"6 Civilized Cocktails—6 Simple Canapés." □ Here is \$1.50 (\$1.75 west of Miss.) for which please send me the Automatic Bartender, complete with Swizzle Stick. □ Write name and address in the margin.

ANNOUNCEMENT

THIS is to announce the formation of Nasty Jobs, Inc., a company which contracts to go from house to house, and attend to details which the householder does not care to attend to personally. Just call us up, and our man or men will appear practically instantaneously to perform any of the following useful acts.

Wrapping parcel post packages. Nasty Jobs, Inc. has an expert corps of wrappers and mailers who will attend to sending off the pajamas and hairbrushes that Cousin Willie forgot to take with him when he left after his visit. We supply paper, string, and stamps, and make a blanket charge of only a dollar a package, insurance included. Any host knows that this is dirt cheap. We do the waiting in line at the post office.

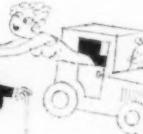
Tuning out. From our staff of radio program selection agents we will send you a man at five dollars per evening to see that you get your favorite radio programs while playing bridge. No getting up from the table in the middle of a grand slam hand to tune out a politician or a sour cornetist. Our man attends to everything. Simply tell him your preferences at the start. For an extra two dollars he will mix drinks and empty ash trays. "You play while he works."

Vacation Preparation. Are you going away for a trip? Just call Nasty Jobs, Inc., and we attend to all the irksome details. Milk, ice, and Sunday papers stopped. Telephone disconnected if necessary. Engagements broken. Water shut off in cold weather. Windows locked. Pets taken to our gigantic pet farm, and cared for in your absence. Babies ditto if you don't want to be bothered. We do it all. Ten dollars per trip. Hot water and a full icebox guaranteed on the day you return.

General utility. In one day a member of our general utility staff will check and repair the following: Leaking faucets. Doors that stick. Blown out light bulbs and fuses. Broken shoelaces. Broken picture wires and window shades. Dull carving knives. Creaking blinds. Missing or broken furniture casters. Will dispose of old razor blades, and check bathroom closet for new blades, shaving cream, tooth paste, cosmetics and essential medicine. Fifteen dollars per day, and worth ten times that. Call on Nasty Jobs, Inc., and leave petty worries behind. Open night and day.

—Parke Cummings.

PREDICTIONS FOR THE MONTH OF—

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
			1	2	3	4
Girls born before the 22nd like to be coaxed but are worth it. Girls born after the 21st raise Hell when they are two-timed. Men born before the 22nd go after what they want until they get it. Men born after the 21st play practical jokes. Be firm with them.				The Stock Exchange moves to the race track to escape new New York taxes.	Election! The Baloney Trust fights to recapture the government. In New York millions cast votes which Tammany does its best not to count.	
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	Repeal assured. Thousands reemployed to draw faces on barroom floors.	King Carol feels the urge to elope again. Parliament offers to trade him for the Prince of Wales.			Al Capone's unions picket Atlanta for a 30-hour week.	Nazi husbands take in washing as government insists that wives must give them their jobs.
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Nations agree to limit armaments to bare defensive needs. Double their armies to guard against invasion. Huey Long dons glasses.					Thousands of wrong guessers decide football will never replace the horse.	
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
Monthly husband murder trial jury vies for lovely defendant's favor. Convicts the District Attorney!			Tammany consents to a commission government for New York but wants 50% commission.			Mrs. Mussolini hears that Benito has been belittling women again. (The Premier's story is that he walked into a door in the dark.)
26	27	28	29	30		
Industrial magnates give up child labor but insist on right to employ infant prodigies.		Thanksgiving! Turkeys join the Republican Party.		The birthstone is topaz for fidelity and the flower chrysanthemum, for good spellers.		

—Compiled by José Schorr; Decorated by Albert Vialé



MUSCLES KNOTTED WITH PAIN?

...here's quick relief

IT'S just like untying a knot when you soothe away the ache from a muscle kinked with pain—with Absorbine Jr.

When you rub on this wonderful liniment the misery vanishes like snow before a warm Spring sun. Massaged into all the sore spots, it spreads a wonderful soothing balm. A grand warm feeling—a pleasant glow penetrates to the deepest seat of soreness. As the warmth steals in—the pain steals OUT!

Muscle pains simply can't linger long when Absorbine Jr. gets to work.

That's why for 40 years Absorbine Jr. has been such a standby of coaches, athletes and trainers. If you haven't a bottle on your bathroom shelf—you should have. There's nothing that can take its place for bruises, strains, sprains or any muscle ailment. Price, \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 362 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.

ABSORBINE JR.

For years has relieved sore muscles, aches, bruises, cuts, sprains, abrasions, sleeplessness, "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

CONTENTS NOTED

By Kyle Crichton



WHAT worries mothers, ministers of the gospel and executives of publishing houses is lack of reverence.

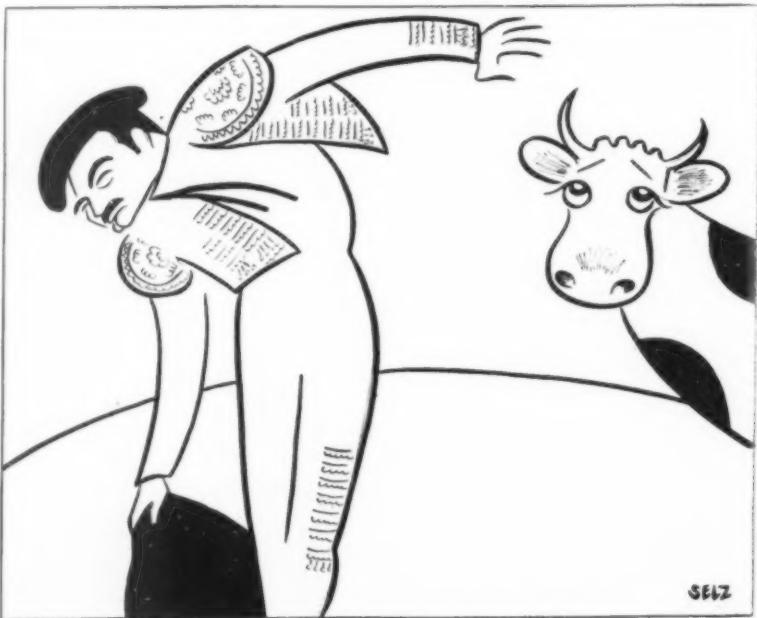
Publishing, in particular, is an honorable and sensitive profession. One slight critical breeze from the North will bring tears to the eyes even of the shipping clerks. At times it extends to the public and at the moment it is either a case of acclaiming *Anthony Adverse* as a work of genius or of defending yourself from the parasols of irate females and the harsh looks of managers of neighborhood renting libraries. Even more serious was the case of *All Men Are Enemies* by Richard Aldington, which occupied such a place of sanctity in the home of Doubleday, Doran at Garden City that there were low moans of anguish at the very thought that it might be considered of slightly less importance than the Sacred Books of the Magi.

If you expect me to protest this attitude of worshipful adoration, you are mistaken. Just as the theatre in America will never amount to anything until the public is aroused to the point of slapping episodes in the lobby, so literature flourishes most happily when the dornicks are sailing. Next to the Chinese, we are the politest race on earth. If we don't like a theatrical performance, we depart quietly and at-

tempt to forget it. In every other civilized country, the occupants of the balcony tear up the seats and toss them pleasantly in the direction of the stage to show their disapproval. There used to be a school of literary criticism in Edinburgh, headed by Christopher North, which emitted such blasts of vituperation as have only been witnessed since in the pre-election opinions of the opponents in a Tammany primary. The Christopher North group was a bit too virulent even for my taste and I am not asking for a return of that particular form of vindictiveness, but it is undeniably true that literature flourished in those times.

Doubleday, Doran revived the ancient fashion of polite malice in the same *All Men Are Enemies* episode by publishing an advertisement giving all the sweet paragraphs of adulation about the book and then mentioning the first unfavorable notice, saying that "a Mr. Henry Hart, reviewing the book in the New York Sun," etc. You get the implication . . . "a certain nit-wit and public enemy named Henry Hart, who beats his elder relatives, has had the ignorance and temerity to infer that *All Men Are Enemies* is not a work of transcendental significance. . . ."

BUT to return to the Doubleday, Doran advertisement; if such things can happen, life is indeed picking up. It has picked up already to the point where I can say that I think



Literary Possibilities:
Ernest Hemingway actually throws the bull.

Floyd Dell's autobiography *Homecoming* should be suppressed on the ground that Mr. Dell has never matured. Mr. Dell, it appears, is an Old Socialist and it is hard to think of anything more distressing. An Old Socialist, by which I mean a former Socialist who has not gone on to something more radical, is one who either finds that life on a farm was what he really had been seeking or that Sex Solves Everything or that the rich are pretty good people after all when you get to know them.

I have heard that Mr. Dell is a nice fellow and I don't want to be too hard on him, but I wish he would cease being so trivial. He left Davenport, Iowa, to go to Chicago and left Chicago to come to New York and left New York to live quietly on the Hudson. He has never, however, mentally left the Greenwich Village of his era, which was that of Free Love and defiance of convention. He wrote *Moon Calf* while under that influence and every book since has been from the same base. Set against the world-torn background of 1933, this preoccupation with sex becomes just a bit revolting. As I had occasion to say previously about love, sex is all right and I am for it. Furthermore, if its adherents ever get to the point where they wish to establish it universally, I hope they will not hesitate to call on me for my endorsement. But when a man of Floyd Dell's talents keeps going over that old ground so repeatedly that he can walk the furrows in his sleep, there is nothing to do but object.

The Hill Billies

CHANGES of taste occur even to the aged and I should like to stand before the congregation and tell my experiences with the Ozark residents, the citizens of the holler and the folks who live on yander mounting. There was a time, not long distant, when the mere reference to a cow "bodaciously ailing" or to that "trivet Lettie" who was always "shogging" on home to get Ben his vittles was enough to spoil my vittles. What cured me of this was a gentleman named Emmett Gowen, who comes from them thar parts and does excellent tales about his home folks of the Tennessee mountings. His first was *Mountain Born* and his latest, which is even better, is *Dark Moon of March*. Grace Lumpkin's *To Make My Bread* is a grand novel of the mountaineers who are ruined by contact

with industrialism. Vance Randolph has done two books on the Ozarks, the latest being *From an Ozark Holler*, and Thames Williamson's new *The Woods Colt* is a Book-of-the-Month choice for November. What really clinched my conversion, however, was a tale from Wayman Hogue's *Back Yander*, which had to do with a gentleman who wished to divorce his wife and sought to soften the wrath of the neighborhood by saying that he had been instructed to do same by a visitation from the Lord himself. What im-

pressed me about this scene was the thoughtfulness of the husband in putting his visitor entirely at ease.

"Don't be a-feared, God," he said magnanimously. "Hit's only me."

Ring Lardner

AS one who has written, and sold, some of the worst sports stories ever imagined, I can say that the critics who read the first *You Know Me, Al* tales of Ring Lardner and failed to realize that they were faced with a man of importance were no critics at all, which I can readily believe. I can say to their credit, however, that they were convinced of his stature when he published *Some Like Them Cold*, *The Champion*, *Golden Honey-moon*, and *Hairent*. At his death recently his reputation had grown to the point where he was mentioned as our finest literary artist, which is not far from the truth. His output was small but his ear for the speech of the American bonehead was absolutely uncanny and no one has approached him in depicting that half-life of ours which is so vital to an understanding of America and which is scarcely touched to this day, despite his example. His death is a great loss.

Briefer Mention

Gipsy Waggon by Sheila Kaye-Smith. About a British "hereditary ploughman" who turns his back to the soil. Among this writer's best.

Richard Harding Davis: His Day by Fairfax Downey. The good old days of the marines have landed, R.H.D. is here and all is swell." Lots of romance and action in the man's life but what a shallow fellow he was!

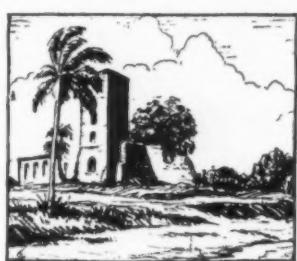
Ordinary Families by F. Arnot Robertson. Children grow up, worse luck, and grow wiser. Delightful, intimate, juicy reading—with a bitter core.
(For further comments see page 49)

REST...PLAY

by SEA

on the largest ships to

California



Ships almost three city blocks long . . . acres of broad, open decks . . . two built-in deck pools for a swim under warm skies . . . many large public rooms . . . all outside cabins . . . turbo-electric engines for smooth sailing . . .

No wonder these great liners, the Big Three, give you so much travel enjoyment on your trip to California! 13 days coast to coast—and in them you see the "high spots" of the sea trip—picturesque Havana, the marvel of the Panama Canal, Balboa, Colon. Minimum fares: First Class from \$225; Tourist Class from \$120. 25% reduction for a round trip by sea.

THE BIG THREE

Electric Liners

S. S. CALIFORNIA

S. S. VIRGINIA

S. S. PENNSYLVANIA

Apply to your local travel agent.
His expert services are free.

PANAMA PACIFIC LINE

International Mercantile Marine Co.



No. 1 Broadway
New York



Thanksgiving Day in Hooverville

CUT-OUT BY ABNER DEAN



NOVEMBER, 1933

FIFTIETH YEAR

"—SOME OF THE PEOPLE—"

LIFE'S Bureau of Consumer Research

OUR COUNTRY

The New Invaders WE THOUGHT it quite funny, not so long ago, when we were able to change our good American dollar for eight or ten funny little violet slips of paper representing francs, lire, pesetas, or reichmarks. Some of the more exuberant lads forgot about counting these worthless *cigar coupons*, flung them to bellboys, and used them for stickers on luggage. We loudly proclaimed that the dollar was Real Money; there was something highly absurd about all those bearded foreigners and their ridiculous thin paper notes engraved with figures of liberty, justice, and helmeted goddesses we dimly remembered from beauty pageants back home.

Well, the way things are now, Europeans are discovering that their absurd money is worth more than American money, and they've started coming over here to spend it. The differential in exchange, averaging about 30% in their favor, does it. They've heard so many

boasts from their American friends about the Grand Canyon, the Paramounts, sky scrapers, stockyards and so forth, that they'd like to see them with their own eyes. You don't see thousands of them milling around and shouting to each other in restaurants, but in New York you see them on bus tops, gazing at Fifth Avenue and taking pictures. You see them in the Empire State and Chrysler buildings, and in those strange speakeasies, whose existence they cannot understand and whose liquor they cannot stomach. In Chicago, you saw them at the Fair, looking for gangsters.

A three-week inclusive trip from France to Chicago is about \$224.50 in American money—a litt'l over 4,000 francs. A short time ago this was 5,837 francs. The same ratio holds true for other countries. If a traveler goes regular Third instead of Tourist he can cut this down to less than \$200.00, which many of them do, not having our love for that subtle distinction of having the label on our new bag read Tourist instead of Third.

As souvenirs the visitors take back as many cigarettes as they can smuggle; caps, belts, suits, shoes, and cordial shop cards. Here they indulge in ice cream sodas, hamburgers, hot dogs, and ham and eggs.

We're glad to see it. The new invasion will further help to quiet down the loud-mouthed American tourist with his Real Money, and will at the same time prove to our foreign visitors that the residential section of St. Louis is no longer composed of Indian teepees.

WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

Correct Weight WHILE browsing around Woolworth's five-and-dime emporium the other day we stepped aboard a penny scale to find out how much we weighed. A ticket popped out announcing our weight as 150 lbs, and volunteering the additional information that we were *very shrewd in business and capable of managing any*



large enterprise with complete success.

We passed off the observation on our personality without quibbling, but the 150 lbs didn't seem quite right. On the way home we boarded a scale in an El station and got a reading of 143 lbs. That left us more up in the air than ever, so we got weighed in the corner drug store [independent]. 151 lbs.

By this time we were thoroughly concerned about finding out how the hell much we really did weigh anyway, so we made a nonstop circuit of seven strategically located scales. The jaunt was made in great haste, so as to minimize such weight-changing influences as perspiration, coughing, and loss of shoe leather. A scale in the Dixie Bus Terminal read 149 and one in a 42nd Street shooting gallery stopped jiggling at 148. Walgreen's granted us 147 lbs, Liggett's said 148, and Childs' 147½. We felt we were getting pretty close when scales in two Thompson's restaurants checked on Childs' 147½ lb version. Anyone who's really serious about learning his weight would do well to keep his pennies and look up the fellow who guesses your weight at Coney Island, or no pay.

• • •

Finis THE MORE faithful readers of this department will no doubt recall an item which appeared in May entitled *Particulars*. It explained how the Irving-Vance Company of Toronto netted about \$415,000 by inducing 12,500 students to *Earn Money At Home*. The ad appeared in the magazines but the catch was that the students had to shell out \$35 for a course of instruction, and then never got the promised home work. We've had plenty of letters from former students since our story appeared. They're all pretty sore at the Irving-Vance Co.

Now we don't claim full credit for what happened by any means. As a matter of fact we modestly crawl down behind our desk when anybody mentions it. But the facts are that LIFE was the only magazine to give the gyp a thorough airing, and shortly after *Particulars* appeared the government issued a fraud order against the Irving-Vance Company. That meant that Irving-Vance had to call a halt. But there immediately sprang up the Modern Art Training Company to carry on the Irving-Vance work, so the government barred that from the mails, too. All of



"You'd think he'd be self-conscious."

which gives us a certain amount of pleasure.

Now. The Post Office Department has been instructed to stamp all letters addressed to the Irving-Vance Company with the word Fraudulent and return them to the sender. Letters to



"Willya see if you can get me Roosevelt on the radio?"

the Menhenitt Company [Toronto], which banked about \$475,000 on virtually the same scheme, are to be returned stamped Out Of Business.

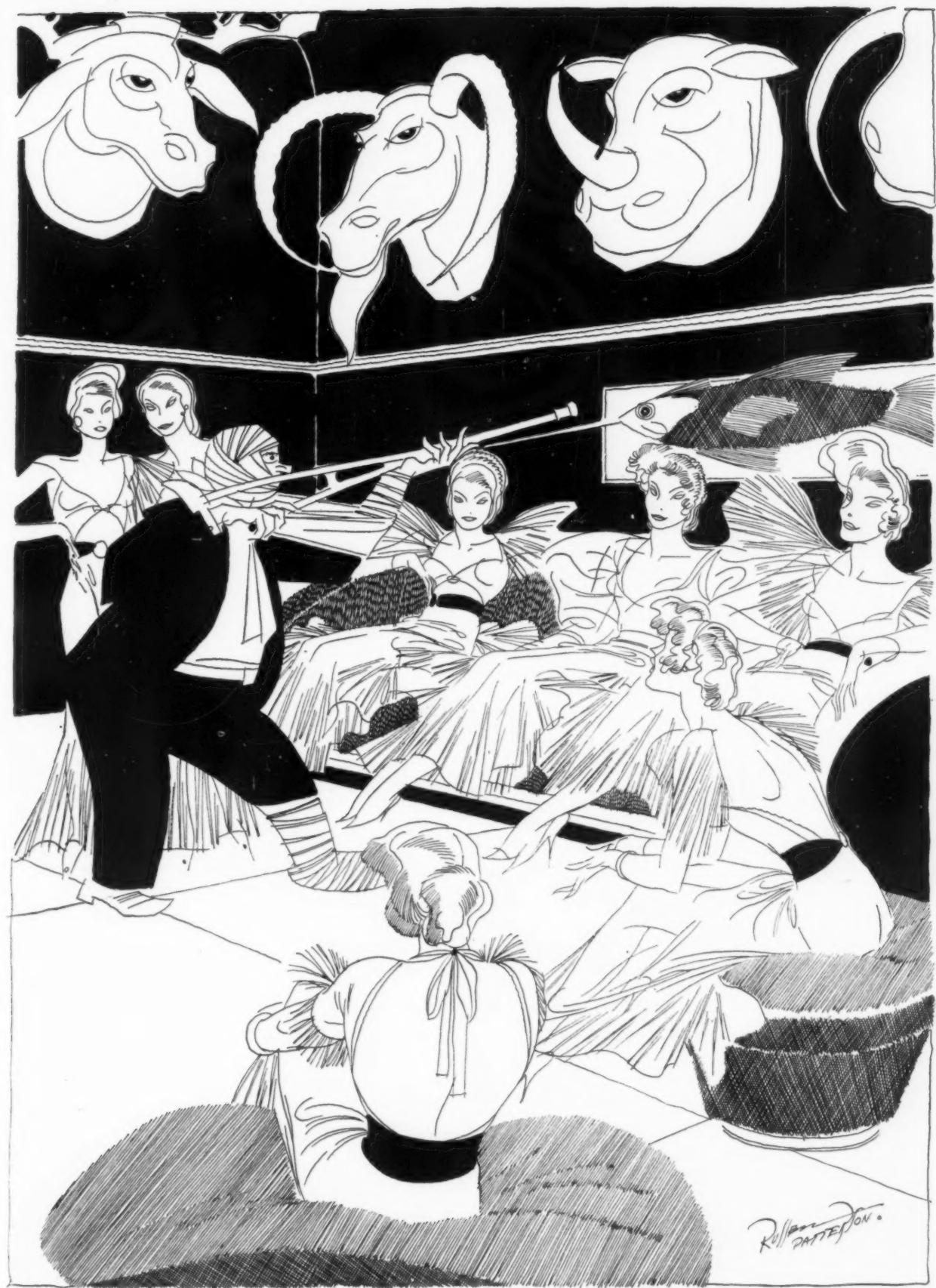
We might carry on from this point with arguments proving that both outfits, since they were up to about the same tricks, ought to be doubly damned with stamps reading Fraudulent And Out Of Business, and be pretty funny about it. But we won't. We agree with the P. O. Dept. that the joke has been carried far enough.

Cost Plus WE CORNERED a modish friend of ours the other day and tried to find out why dresses that sell for a grand or two in one store one month can be had for a green five-spot in another store another month. She had infinite patience with us, but at one point had to struggle for self-control.

It was like this. Mrs. S. S. Van Dyne, wife of the murder mystery tycoon, was seen wearing a dress that was bringing \$45 at Saks-Fifth Avenue at the time. Some weeks later the same dress, same material, same workmanship, same manufacturer, same everything was observed at Klein's Fourteenth Street at \$3.95. Then why, we asked naively, didn't Mrs. Van Dyne buy her dress at Klein's and save the \$41.05? That was when our informant flew off the handle.

Here's the way a fad is run ragged, as we understand it: Dress fads start in Hollywood, you might say. Paris second, New York third. Adrian of MGM, Kelly of Warner Bros., or Hatty Carnegie of Hatty Carnegie designs a dress for Crawford, Garbo, or some such to wear in a picture. That starts it. Manufacturers get to work at once, and have modifications of the same rag in the leading stores at fancy prices overnight. Then the craze subsides and manufacturers unload the surplus on second and third run stores for a song. Before long, all the women on the street are sneering at all the other women on the street because they're all wearing the same design. That's why dresses sometimes depreciate 99% in 99 days.

Joan Crawford's outfit in *Letty Lynton* set the pace for quite a while; after Marlene Dietrich appeared in feathers in *Shanghai Express* nothing feminine was modish for a while unless bedecked



"I took steady aim and then 'click!'-the gun wasn't loaded!"

with feathers; the latest big influence is the revival of old stuff by Mae West in *She Done Him Wrong*. Heaven help us if Garbo or somebody appears in a nudist picture. Heaven may also be good enough to help the Garbo or somebody.

Bail Fellow Well Met RARE indeed is the motorist who doesn't thrill at the thought of being able to get a ticket fixed. But not so rare indeed are those who'll promise to arrange it for him at so much per annum. They're all over the country, and usually function under the label of an *Automobile Club*.

And they don't stop at ticket-fixing. Bail up to \$5,000, liability insurance, and a ten weeks' salary guarantee in case of accident are among the benefits frequently promised verbally. Beside that there's an ornately printed Contract promising all sorts of road service, medical service, and repair service, and sprinkled with such Grade A legal terms as *witnesseth hereof* and *party of the second part*. Only it isn't a contract because it's signed only by the subscriber, and doesn't mean a thing.

Around where we live some of the motorist prospects have been thinking it too good to be true and have been calling the cops. This despite the fact that motorists in general have an aversion to cops in general. A salesman who was working Brooklyn got away the other day just before the cops arrived. Two of them in the Bronx didn't get away. They were calling on a prospect in the interests of The Royal Motor Vehicle Association, 1819 Broadway, New York City, which may or may not have points in common with the scheme we've outlined. Investigator Brock says it does. Anyway motorist Green had salesmen Wolff and Smith thrown in jail on a charge of attempting to defraud him. Wolff and Smith had promised the \$5,000 bail service to Green. Wolff and Smith were held on \$200 bail. Wolff and Smith couldn't get out.

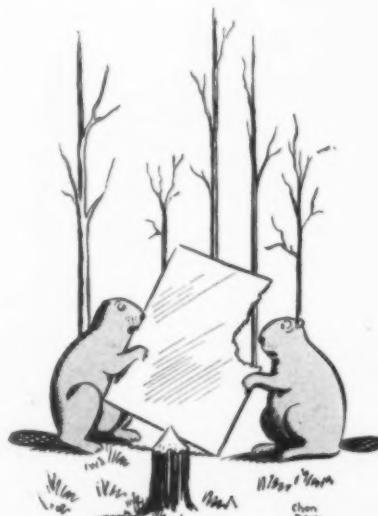
Neck And Arms WHEN WE finally get the Average Man pieced together we ought to be in line for a Nobel Prize. Three months ago he was a widely discussed fellow nobody knew anything about. Two



"Just a minute, dear, until I put another dab of whitewash on my face."

months ago we blazed the trail toward enlightenment by determining the size of his foot. A month ago we settled the actual size of his head.

The next step was to find out how big his neck is and the length of his arms, so we started with a chat with Mr. Breeding of Cluett, Peabody & Co., the chaps who make shirts and collars. Mr. Breeding made a graph showing how the various sizes from 13 to 20 sold. The graph sloped up evenly until it hit 15 and then sloped down evenly, showing that 15 is the Cluett, Peabody average, all right. As for sleeve lengths, Mr. Breeding said that 33 and 34 were far in the lead. About 80% of all shirts sold are of one of these lengths. Men out west and in the south like to



"I guess you have to acquire a taste for this beaver board—I don't like it."

have pockets in their shirts, while eastern men run to the pocketless models. Mr. Breeding attributes this to eastern fussiness about wearing vests. A New Yorker just doesn't feel dressed without one. Westerners are more casual on this point so they like to have pockets in their shirts—presumably to put things in, in the absence of a vest.

The Manhattan Shirt Company gave their big sellers as 14½, 15, and 15½. Average 15. Sleeve lengths 33 and 34. Mr. Schriefer of F. Jacobson & Sons agreed on the basic facts and added that southerners like short sleeves so they won't show below the coat. Far westerners are lanky fellows who run their regional average up to about 35 inches. Coming back we dropped in at Wallach Bros., where Mr. Cagen made it unanimous by putting the average for that chain at 15 neck and 33"-34" arm.

So far: the Average Man's head is size 7.187, foot 8½C, neck 15, and his arm is 33½ inches long. We're progressing.

ENTERTAINMENT

Pornography A BROOKLYN man rides the hobby of collecting risque phonograph records. Tunes and lyrics that have justified the five dollar cover charge in some of the racier night clubs; tunes we thought were sacred to the more hellish of nocturnal haunts; lyrics that'd make a mule blush; all of it has been canned for posterity. There's *Little Nell* by Victor, *Empty Bed Blues* and *He's Got Me Goin'* by Columbia, and *The Laziest Man In Town* by a special publisher. Okeh brought out the famous Cotton Club aphrodisiac *Toothache Blues*. The sizzling *Electrician's Blues* is also available.

We popped in at RCA Victor one afternoon to ask the recording director how they got away with it. Movies, musical comedies, publications, and even burlesques have to make certain concessions to the authorized custodians of our moral standards, we reminded him. How did the canned music men rate such liberty?

He disposed of all that by simply explaining that there was no such thing as record censorship and then went on with some of the fine points about records. The public is sated with over-orchestrated popular music and is head-







"Stella, if you do that again I'll go crazy!"

ed strong for bands that carry a simple, sweet melody with a minimum of ornament. A *Race* record is a record made by negroes for negroes. They have a big sale. It is usually sung in a dialect that can't be understood by a white man, and the music is a meaningless hodgepodge to the paler brethren. No master record is ever destroyed and any record ever made is available.

Freedom of the press is a copyroom byword, movies are thrice censored, and when you go down the line through freedom of speech, freedom to drink if you want to, and freedoms of this and that you find that there really isn't much freedom of anything. It's a real delight, then, to find one medium of expression that's free and untrammeled.

GREAT MINDS

"Yes, we will beat repeal."

—*Senator Morris Sheppard.*

"You can't have romance in a two-by-four cabin full of cockroaches."

—*Joan Lowell.*

"Mark Twain, of course, was a genius."

—*Albert Bigelow Paine.*

"I begin to doubt the value of wasting time in college."

—*John Jacob Astor III.*

"Thank Heaven Aimee married some one like me."

—*David Hutton.*

"I'm not going to get my head in a halter any more."

—*Huey P. Long.*

"God gave women their curves—effeminate dressmakers took them away."

—*Mae West.*

"Mr. Machado believes that he has

had a rough deal from the people of Cuba."

—*Señor José Izquierdo.*

"The public doesn't understand the plays."

—*George M. Cohan.*

"I would ten times rather be the editor of a magazine than hold a public office."

—*Prof. Raymond Moley.*

"I should say I was the purest Secretary of the Treasury."

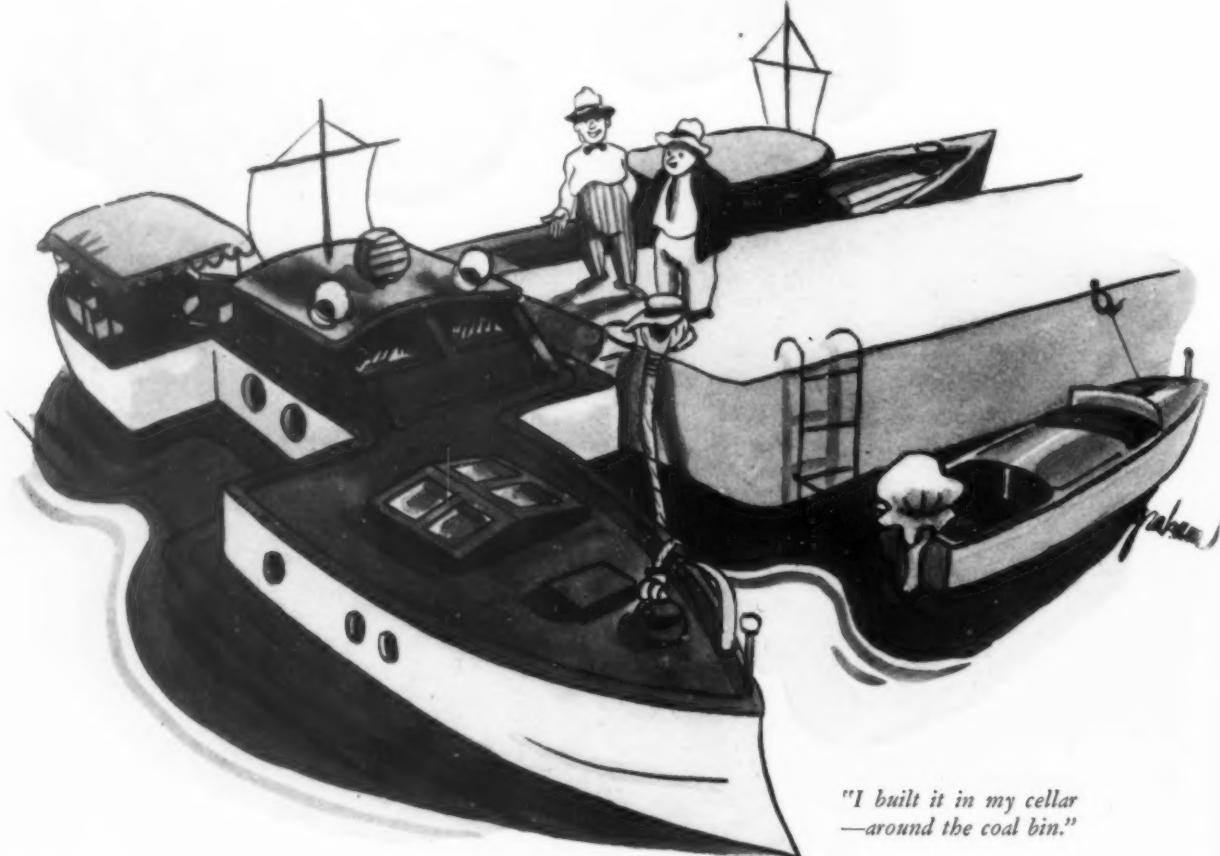
—*William H. Woodin.*

"Unless I'm mistaken, people are show-hungry."

—*Sam H. Harris.*

"If every laborer wore two clean shirts a week, instead of one every fortnight, you wouldn't have to destroy cotton."

—*Norman Thomas.*

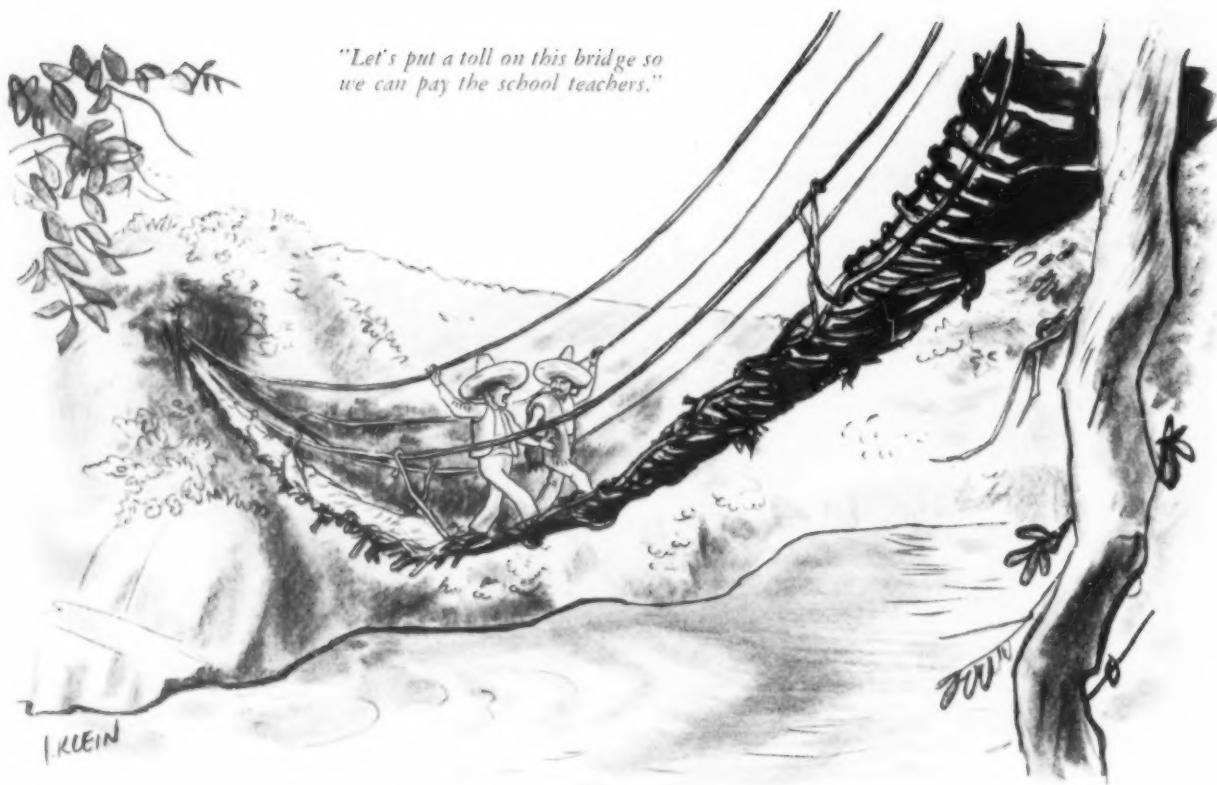


"I built it in my cellar
—around the coal bin."

L I F E



Sinbad . . . The Winner



You Can't Win Unless You Lose

I FOUND George draped over the floppiest chair in the far corner of the club. He was wearing a look of mental weariness, smacked illusions and general disappointment, with a dash of futility as de luxe equipment. He looked like a fugitive from a chain-letter gang.

"Dog-house?" I inquired sympathetically. George shook his head, hopelessly. He sighed. Then he burst out:

"They ought to have a code for those fellows! . . . It's a racket! . . . Stay with 'em long enough and they'll get you down! . . ."

"Who, George, and why?"

"These damn contests! You know, you write in a letter about something, or a silly jingle or a sweet thought, and maybe you'll win ten thousand dollars or a beautiful sedan or one of five hundred other valuable prizes."

"Yes?"

"Yes! Those 'other valuable prizes.' . . . Ever win one?"

I recalled that years ago I'd won a twenty-five dollar credit on any piano costing over a thousand dollars by making fifty-six words out of "Player

Piano." So I told him the details.

"You got a break," sniffed George. "You didn't win anything. But I always get a prize. I went nuts on contests about two years ago. And I can't seem to stop. That is, I couldn't. But I'm through now. Understand? I'm through! I . . ."

"Of course," I soothed. "You're through."

"Righto!" snapped George. "I've learned my lesson. The Yinney Hardware Products Company was what started me on the road to insanity. Remember? Grand prize of five thousand cash for a new slogan. Say, I worked four evenings on that and, if I do say it myself, I thought up a honey. What did I get? An egg-beater! But I'd won something, see? So I figured I could do better the next time. I watched all the contest announcements and jumped on one offering ten grand for the best letter on rural education. I got so interested I took a week off from the office and spent it at the library, reading up on rural education. Well, I landed fifteenth place in that one."

"Not so bad."

"It was worse than that! You know

what the prize was? A set of double harness! You can't team up an egg-beater in double harness. But I was contest-dopey by that time. Once the bug bites you you're gone. I crashed into every contest that came along. I won a cream separator, a dozen rolls of wallpaper that you wouldn't put up in a barn, an embroidered luncheon set, five pounds of nutmeg, enough cooking oils to fry an elephant in, a pair of something that no bachelor ever had any use for, seven years subscription to a watchmakers' trade journal, a brooder stove and three jars of wrinkle cream. My place got so cluttered up with junk I could hardly walk around."

"Why didn't you give it away?"

"**D**ID you ever see a golfer give away the loving cups he has won?" said George, loftily. "After all, those things represented real brain work, didn't they?"

"Go on."

"Well, I had just about decided to quit. And I did, for a few weeks. Then I saw one that hit me right between the eyes. I sent in my entry. Won 765th prize, too. And it was real money."

"Elegant!"

"A dollar," said George, "but it was the first actual money, see? So I was off again. It looked like a change of luck. But . . . Ohmymymym!"

"Meaning what?"

"This letter," George went on, hol-lowlly, drawing an envelope from his pocket. "This letter is from the freight office. They're holding eight tons of bone-meal fertilizer there that I've won! . . . This telegram," he fished into another pocket, "congratulates me upon being one of four lunatics who have been awarded honorary mention in the form of fourteen rolls of galvanized iron fence wire! And the woman who cleans up my apartment just telephoned that a drayman just left a crate of Siamese cats for me, and when will I come home and feed them!"

"All prizes?"

"You said it. And there are about thirty other contests I've entered that I haven't heard from. One of them" . . . he shuddered . . . "was for an alligator farm, I think!"

"I don't blame you for quitting, George."

WELL, I'mcertainlythrough with 'em. Yes, sir, I'm full up. But there'll be plenty of other boobs to take my place. You can't pick up a magazine, hardly, without running into some confounded contest. . . . Look, here's one right here. Ha! a lot of saps will bite on that like I used to! . . . 'We'll Pay YOU Five Thousand Dollars and a Trip to Europe for



"See? No hands!"

a New Name! . . . Blah! . . . They'll give five thousand, will they? . . . Well, little Georgie isn't going to stay up nights trying to get his name on another sucker list! . . . 'Five Thousand Dollars and a Trip to Europe!' . . . Phooey! . . . Say! . . . By golly, now, why not? . . . Mmmmmmm! . . . Y'know, maybe that isn't so bad! . . . A name for that thing just popped into my head! . . . Five thous . . . Boyoboyoboy! What I couldn't do with that five

thousand! . . . Listen, old man, you don't mind if I tear this page out and take it along with me, do you?"

—Chet Johnson.



"What election? I just want a shave and haircut."

Would You Believe It?

ONE year ago I wished that I
A banker great might be
With a hundred million dollars
And financial majesty;

A mighty Wall Street banker
With a whopping lot of power
And an income of somewhere around
A thousand plunks per hour;

A solid Wall Street banker
With securities in sacks
And with clever men to show me
How to pay no income tax;

A wealthy Wall Street banker
Who raked in cash like hay;
I wished that just a year ago—
And I wish the same today.

—Ellis Parker Butler.

Some of the modern sculpture is confusing. You never know whether it's Pike's Peak or bust.



"Good morning, folks! Have you heard about no-draft ventilation?"

THINGS YOU'D NEVER KNOW UNLESS WE TOLD YOU

Installment No. 4

THE Municipal Theatre in Potsdam offered free cough drops to members of the audience during the winter season.

George Washington's false teeth were made from hippopotamus ivory.

There were no right-handed or left-handed Neanderthal men. All their weapons that have been discovered are adapted for use with either hand.

More people are killed by automobiles on Sunday than on any other day. The least number are killed on Tuesday.

Abraham Lincoln wore size 14-B shoes. Theodore Roosevelt wore size 9-C. Calvin Coolidge wore size 8-B.

A million and a half automobiles in the United States are of 1923 vintage or older.

The cost of creating a Kentucky Colonel is about twenty-five cents. This includes the commission, the gold seal, one third yard of blue ribbon and postage.

The Ontario Branch of the W. C. T. U. initiated a campaign to foster the substitution of "fruit appetizer" for "fruit cocktail" in order to avoid "the suggestion of liquor."

Twenty-five per cent of the licensed taxicabs in London are more than ten years old, and three per cent are more than twenty years old.

The ex-Kaiser of Germany whimsically buttons his spats backwards.

The New York State Tax Commission ruled that no sales tax need be paid on false teeth. They come under the classification of "repair work."

The famous St. Bernard dogs of the Swiss Alps no longer carry liquor to stormbound travelers. They carry hot coffee in thermos bottles.

American wives win almost three times as many divorces as do American husbands.

When the Rumanian Government took a census of population, Carol II listed his occupation as "king" and his secondary occupation as "farmer."

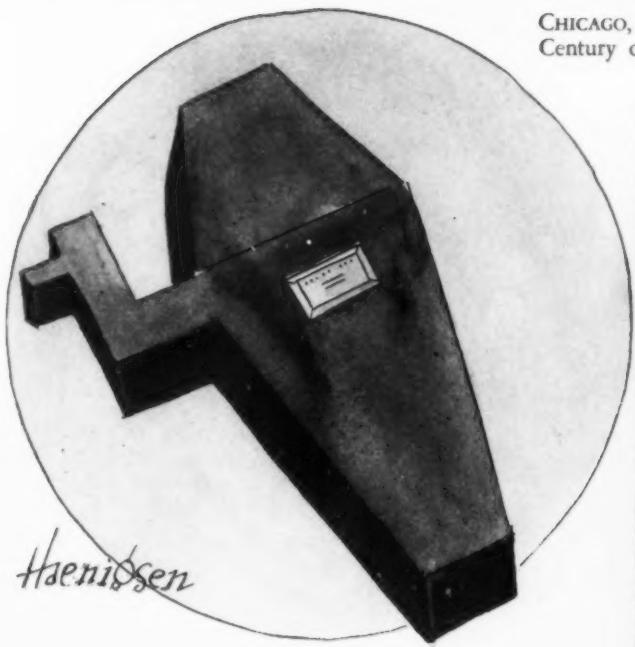
Only a fifth of the silver mined in the United States is coined. Most of the rest is wasted chemically in making movie films.

Archaeologists who excavated Beth-Zur, a town of the Macabees buried for twenty-four centuries, found a corner saloon.

The caretaker of the Longwood Napoleon Museum on the Isle of St. Helena was fired because he had presumed to take a bath in Napoleon's bathtub.

—W. E. Farbstein.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Officials bury season's last Century of Progress hitch-hike casualty.



RENO, NEV.—Portable courtroom legs called great aid to justice. Dotted lines give position of real legs in restful position. Small rental fee brings legs to your door.

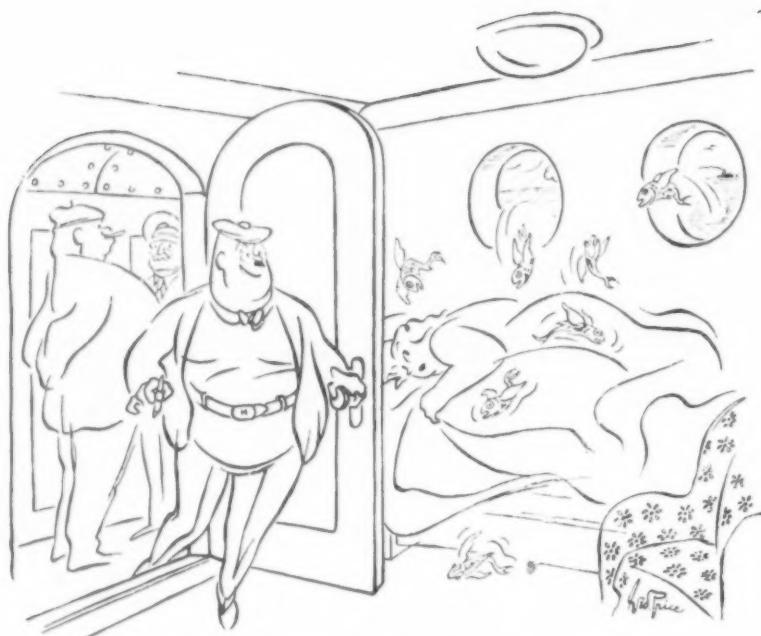


LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Church followers acclaim Aimee McPherson who, by entering the theatre, drove thousands into the churches.



NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.—Theatrical profession honors Texas Guinan who, by joining the church, drove hordes back to the theatre.

Our Own Newsreel



"You're missing things dear; we just passed a school of flying fish!"

QUIZZ

Master barbers of the State of Washington have asked the State Board of Barber Examiners to make license examinations tougher. Too many callow youths, utterly ignorant of the niceties of the profession, are crowding in, they complain. It won't be long, they are afraid, before someone tries to serve up haircuts on an endless belt.

*Suggested Barbers Bluebook Exam
(Candidates, before undertaking this written quizz, will kindly shoot their cuffs and turn out their pockets before one of the examiners. And remember, the joint is packed with stool pigeons! You are allowed one hour for these questions. Study them carefully, then write, or make your cross, firmly with a soft, blunt pencil. Don't leave the room during the quizz. That doesn't make any difference, you can wait!)*

True or False

1. Well, it looks as if Notre Dame will have a great team this year.
2. This guy Primo Carnera is plenty big and he's as fast as greased lightning.
3. Course, if you always play the favorites you're bound at least to break even. By studying the forms you can darn near always tell what a horse is going to do.
4. The way I mix it, I use a little

6. Certainly great weather we've been having, isn't it?

Underline the Correct Phrase

1. Did you ever hear that one about the traveling salesman and the (National Recovery Act, Malthusian Theory of Population, Farmer's Daughter)?

2. Would you really like an (evening paper, introduction) to our charming (head barber, shine-'em-up, law of diminishing returns, manicurist)?

3. Our manicurist is a (distant, formidable, hot, intellectual) number.

Supply the Missing Words

1. Hair's getting a little () on top, isn't it? How about some ()?

2. How about a (, , , , ,)?

Addenda

1. By the way, do you know anything about barbering?

—Doug Welch.

It seems as though there is always bad news coming from Cuba. This year it was the revolution, and last year it was that Cuban music.



"My partner handles ants. I'm just a mouse man."



"Pardon me, but I'm a stranger here."

Patchwork Couplets

THREE'S no use in being a hypocrite.
The W. C. T. U. hasn't changed its mind a bit."

—by Joseph V. McKee
and Mrs. Ella Boole.

"There are a number of really critical points in a golf swing."
I wouldn't become a professional for anything."

—by Bobby Jones
and Helen Wills Moody.

"Why should anybody be depressed?"
I have no desire to be the Nicholas Murray Butler of the Middle West."

—by Mary Garden
and Dr. Robert M. Hutchins.

"Girls down our way don't smoke or drink."
We are not on the verge of the brink."

—by Alvin C. York
and John P. O'Brien.

"We have a free press in America today."

"I can always write quickly and easily if I have nothing to say."

—by Claude G. Bowers
and William Allen White.

"Instead of taxing culture, we should put a tax on beer."

"Can we afford to throw away a billion dollars a year?"

—by Representative William I. Sirovich and Senator W. W. Barbour.

"American cocktail parties? Bah!"
Fill the social glass, but fill it within the law."

—by Joseph Hergesheimer and Mrs. Ella Boole.

"In normal times it is all right to let people have their fun."

"Optimism has been a little overdone."

—by Ruth Bryan Owen
and Charles M. Schwab.

"No matter what I do, they pick on me."

"I took the movies too seriously."

—by Al Capone and Ina Claire.

—W. E. Farbstein.

The easiest way to lose control of your car is to miss a payment on it.

Nowadays, the only time a business man has a chance to put his feet on the desk is when the scrub woman is cleaning up the floor.



"I dunno what it's for—I just keep it ahummin'!"

FROM ME TO YOU

By Marge

HONESTLY, when Betty Brown barged into the Bridge Club today waving her left hand, and haughtily announced that she was engaged to Oswald Onderdonk, it was all we girls could do to keep from laughing. Not at the rock, which was big enough to choke an ox, but because we all distinctly remembered what Betty said when she first lamped Oswald.

It was at the Ritz. Somebody told Bet that a fellow wanted to meet her. "Which one?" she asked. Oswald was pointed out. "Good grief!" she chorused, "that bald-headed baboon? NO, thanks!" And now she's marrying him!

There's an old saying: Never speak ill of the dead. Personally, I think it should be changed to: Never speak ill until they're dead. It's really much safer that way. Because you can't ever tell. The boy you put on the pan last month may be marching up the aisle with you next month. And what could be more embarrassing than to loudly proclaim a guy a Ham, and then suddenly discover that he's your Man?

Nossir, it simply doesn't do to broadcast first impressions. Cracks like that too often come back to haunt you later on in life. One night I was at a party and they got to playing Truth or Consequences. There were a lot of young married couples present, and by the time the evening was over none of them were speaking to each other. It all started by one of the wives being asked: "Just what did you think of your husband when you first met him?"

NNATURALLY, she lied. And somebody with a low sense of humor called her for it. From then on the party turned into the battle of the Marne. I just wish you could have heard the dirt they raked up! Believe me, I was glad to get out with my teeth and hair.

This habit of calling people pet names behind their backs is bad business, too. Titles such as "Hippo," "Ape," "Eaglebeak," etc., may be awfully appropriate, but they don't go over so big with the persons thus designated if they happen to hear about it.

I know of a girl, Annabelle Evans, whose life was ruined by this habit. She was engaged to Reggie Van Plunk, one of the really keen catches of the season. In the bosom of her family Annabelle always referred to her fiance as "Old Horseface." Meaning no harm, of course. She loved the man, but after all he *did* look like a horse. Well, everything went smoothly until the very day

many of the most eligible young men should so closely resemble our feathered friends and four-footed companions. One look at the Sunday rotogravure section is enough to send any fun-loving girl off into a perfect gale of wisecracks. However, any woman who hopes some day to grab off a real prize for herself in the matrimonial market will have to sternly suppress such impulses when the boy friend is around.

THE thing to do is to remember that appearances are deceiving, and when you meet a man instead of mentally putting him on the pan, start looking for the good in him. You may have to use a microscope to discover it. But if you have a lot of patience and he has a hundred and fifty foot yacht, you'll find it sooner or later, never fear.

There's no doubt about it, this habit of joking about men's physiognomies is very poor tactics. I'm willing to bet that G. B. Shaw's wife never called him "Beaver" behind his back. Or that Mrs. Mussolini never spoke of Benito as "Moosejaw" to her girl friends. You simply don't get anywhere with cracks like that.

No matter how funny your boy friend's face may be—take it seriously, sister, take it seriously!



"My goodness, Bill—what if I DID tell Sue Smith that you look like a monkey? You know how crazy I am about animals!"

before the wedding. The groom came to call and the family butler, who'd had a tough week wrestling with telegrams and wedding presents and was all tired out, slipped up and announced Reggie as "Mr. Horseface!" Annabelle is now looking for another man, and swears that in the future she is going to keep her mouth shut if it kills her.

It does seem unfortunate that so



"Well, General, some people might call it spinach but I say you have a face full of personality."



"I couldn't sleep a wink last night. I counted sheepskins until dawn."

RETURN

HAVING spent the last four years in Europe, and therefore never having seen this country in any of its recent coils of agony, I now experience it through startled eyes and ears.

First of all you Americans have become much more sober than you used to be. I don't mean alcoholically, but in manner. Sometimes you are downright humble, a quality that is best seen in the new attitude of clerks, porters, and public servants in general, who are now really polite and glad to serve. In this regard you have become like England, whose public politeness was always admired and envied by returned travelers, who should now be satisfied.

Your air-conditioned apartments and theatres, however, give me a cold in the head. It is my belief that a stuffy French apartment or a tightly-sealed, smoke-ridden Spanish theatre are much more healthful places.

New York I find small. Perhaps it is because, while away from it, I built up an exaggerated picture of your

greatest city, or perhaps it is because there aren't as many people on the street as there used to be, but at any rate it doesn't seem nearly as formidable as before. New York, are you slipping?

One thing I definitely object to. I lived for four years in Europe without being troubled by pink toothbrush, halitosis, the threat of death before forty, difficulty with my intestinal tract, and

B. O. Now, upon reading your advertisements once more, I have them all.

YOUR English is more slack, if that can be, than it was in 1929. The European, who is learning English with such astonishing alacrity, usually speaks more grammatically and often with better diction, than you, and will some day outdo you if you don't watch out.

It will be a long time before I become accustomed again to your innocent faith in a little green light at an intersection of traffic. I still clutch anything handy, awaiting a crash, when an automobile carrying me whizzes past the green promise.

Your famed establishments for the open serving of beer, returned to the public domain during my absence, I find disappointing. I expected them to be as bright, as gay, and as cheerful as the speakeasy I once knew, but mostly they seem to me sad and depressing places.

I am grateful for the fact that in your country a knock on the door doesn't mean a cop walking in to examine my papers, make sure I am not a Communist, or arrest me for something I have never heard of.

BUT you had your little joke ready for me when I got back. The bank which failed containing a part of my slim fortune still, though tightly closed, has posters out advertising: "First in safety, integrity, and careful investment. The friendly bank."

—Theodore Pratt.



"Now, that's the tail, and this is what we call the head."

Marching On With Dr. Seuss



Kindliness Marches On.

"Brotherly love is spreading like wildfire out here in Abyssinia," writes the highway commissioner of that land. "Take, for example, the matter of hitch-hikers. Formerly, when one of these pests hitched on, we hoped the blighter would break his neck. Today, we still hope he'll break his neck . . . but we treat him to shade until he does so."



Modern Sports March On.

"Even games are in the throes of progress," writes an ardent sportsman. "For example, consider that glorious game where two people pile up their hands *ad infinitum*. Ten years ago if I had told you that people today would be playing 'handie-handie' SOLO, you would have said I was crazy! Civilization is indeed on the rise."



The Vassar Daisy Chain Marches On!

"I wish I were at Vassar today," writes Gert Schneigekter, '09. "When I was on the daisy chain, all we did was tote the thing around. This year modern science gives the girls an additional thrill! When the parade is over, they run the chain through a Petal Plucker and play 'She-loves-me-she-loves-me-not' by wholesale."

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

Second Summer Supplement

Honor Roll for 1933

• • •

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-six years. In that time it has expended over \$600,000 and has provided more than 56,000 country vacations for poor city children.

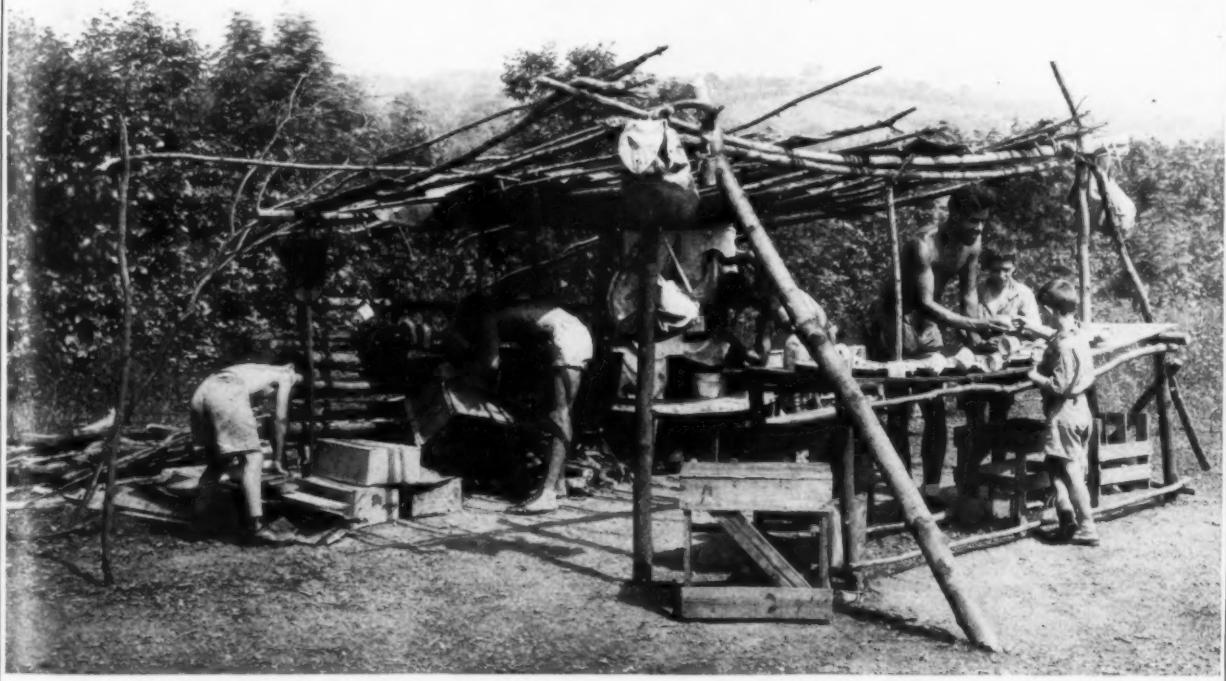
Fifteen dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city.

Contributions should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Previously acknowledged.....	\$11,706.72
Abbott, Mrs. Charles W., Buffalo, N. Y.....	5.00
Ackermann, Mrs. Franz W., West Chester, Pa.....	3.00
Adams, Hall, New Rochelle, N. Y.....	50.00
Adsit, Mrs. Charles G., Des Moines, Iowa.....	10.00
Aldrich, Helene R., Washington, D. C.....	1.00
Algar, Lulu J., San Francisco, Calif.....	1.00
Allen, L. M., North Brookfield, Mass.....	5.00
Aloha Hive, Brookline, Mass.....	8.01
Andrews, Mrs. James N., Somerset, Va.....	20.00
Austin, Miss R. J., Rosemont, Pa.....	2.00
Ball, Allen, Carmi, Ill.....	1.00
Ball, Sydney, H., New York, N. Y.....	10.00
Balm, Harry E., Cape May, N. J.....	1.00
Barker, C. T., Florence, Ala.....	2.00

Barnes, Mrs. W. E., Tarentum, Pa.....	10.00	Brickman, Leon G., San Francisco, Calif.....	1.00
Barton, J. Tracy, The Dalles, Ore.....	1.00	Bronstein, J. B., Allentown, Pa.....	1.00
Basham, Mrs. Mabel, Sinnicksen, Va.....	.40	Brooks, Mrs. F. W., Burlington, Iowa.....	2.00
Battery F 52 C A, Fort Monroe, Va.....	1.00	Brown, Mrs. George, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	15.00
Battson, Mrs. L. M., Beverly Hills, Calif.....	25.00	Brown, Mrs. Guy C., Bloomfield Hills, Mich.....	11.00
Bayko, Annie D., Norwalk, Conn.....	1.00	Brownell, Mrs. Roy E., Flint, Mich.....	1.00
Beach, Verna, Lincoln, Neb.....	5.00	Bruno, Thomas L., New York, N. Y.....	1.00
Beattie, R. B., E. Orange, N. J.....	5.00	Buckwalter, F. B., Sioux City, Ia.....	1.00
Beers, H. L., Norwalk, Conn.....	5.00	Burling, Mrs. Edward, Washington, D. C.....	5.00
Begole, Mrs. J. W., Flint, Mich.....	5.00	Burton, Ralph J., Detroit, Mich.....	2.00
Belcher, F. J., Jr., San Diego, Calif.....	10.00	Butler, Betty, New Rochelle, N. Y.....	1.00
Berliner, Mrs. Ysabel F., Berkeley, Calif.....	1.00	Button, Mrs. Wm. H., North Hero, Vt.....	10.00
Biddle, Christine W., Westtown, Pa.....	10.00	Caldwell, Watson H., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	10.00
Bigelow, Mrs. Ruth Campbell, New York, N. Y.....	10.00	Calkins, Jno. U., Berkeley, Calif.....	10.00
Bigelow, S. Lawrence, Ann Arbor, Mich.....	5.00	Camp Lanakila, Fairlee, Vt.....	4.99
Biggs, M. E., Bay Head, N. J.....	2.50	Camp Lenape, Pike Co., Pa.....	2.00
Bindlebough, J. C., Cortland, N. Y.....	10.00	Camp Passumpsic, Ely, Vt.....	9.23
Blaffer, Jane, Houston, Tex.....	10.00	Camp Po ne mah, So. Kent, Conn.....	13.75
Blagden, J. P., Hyannisport, Mass.....	5.00	Camp Riverdale, Long Lake, N. Y.....	20.00
Blizzard, Herbert H., Philadelphia, Pa.....	2.00	Camp Wahtonah for Girls, Brewster, Mass.....	100.00
Boas, Con F., Mechanicsburg, Pa.....	5.00	Camp Winnicut, Center Harbor, N. H.....	7.00
Bonesteel, Col. C. H., Fort Benning, Ga.....	1.00	Campbell, Dorothy B., Ossining, N. Y.....	10.00
Bowman, Mrs. Border, Princeton, N. J.....	3.00	Cappon, Lester J., University, Va.....	5.00
Brady, J. H., Peekskill, N. Y.....	1.00	Carpenter, Anne W., Providence, R. I.....	1.00
Brady, John H., New York City	1.50	Carpenter, Mary S., New York	5.00
Brayton, A. M., Pasadena, Calif.....	1.00		



Fresh Air Fund Supplement

Chamberlain, Mrs. W. E., Philadelphia, Pa.	1.00	Estate of Richard P. Joy, Detroit, Mich.	30.00	Hope, Mrs. W. E., New York, N. Y.	20.00
Chandler, Mrs. Randolph E., New York City	5.00	Estorge, Maud C., New Iberia, La.	1.00	Hubbard, E. K., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	5.00
Chapin, Anna, Providence, R. I.	5.00	"E. T. G."	5.00	Hubbard, Mr. & Mrs. Merrill F., Schenectady, N. Y.	10.00
Chapin, James, Grosse Pointe, Mich.	1.00	Eveleth, Mrs. Elizabeth L., Schenectady, N. Y.	5.00	Hughes, Elinor L., Cambridge, Mass.	15.00
Chapin, Mrs. S. B., Jr., Greenwich, Conn.	5.00	Fairfax, Grace Lindsay, Dublin, N. H.	1.00	Hulbert, Grace C., Windsor, N. Y.	25.00
Chapin, Mrs. W. H., Springfield, Mass.	10.00	F. E. C., Mr. & Mrs., Erie, Pa.	25.00	Hunter, J. Graham, Orange, N. J.	5.00
Charlotte and Andy	5.00	Fieg, L., Oneonta, N. Y.	1.00	Hurlbut, Mrs. B. G., Cambridge, Mass.	5.00
Childs, Sterling W., New York, N. Y.	10.00	Fincke, Mrs. B. C., Fair Haven, N. J.	5.00	Hyde, Mrs. Forrest, Bronxville, N. Y.	10.00
Chiles, Mrs. J. M., Boston, Mass.	25.00	Finlay, Miss F. A. and Mrs. C. R. Dewey, Brooklyn, N. Y.	5.00	In loving memory of Gordon Hilcken Dowell	10.00
Clark, C. H., Malone, N. Y.	1.00	Finn, Miss E. L., New York City	15.00	In loving memory of Miss Betsy J. Edwards of Indiana	5.00
Clark, Mrs. Warren D., San Francisco, Calif.	10.00	Fisher, E. N., Merion, Pa.	25.00	In memoriam S. B. C.	10.00
Clay, William L., Rochester, N. Y.	1.00	Flickinger, Mr. & Mrs. Glenn W., Buffalo, N. Y.	1.00	In memory of a dear sister	10.00
Clayton, W. L., New York City	100.00	F. M. L.	20.00	In Memory of Alicia Browne Carpenter	5.00
Cohalan, Dr. John A., Philadelphia, Pa.	1.00	Forgey, Kay, Detroit, Mich.	2.00	In memory of C. S.	3.00
Cole, Creswell C., San Francisco, Calif.	1.00	Foss, Mrs. James O., Boston, Mass.	20.00	In memory of D. D. Fowler	10.00
Conover, Mrs. H., Larchmont, N. Y.	1.00	France, Mary, New York City	5.00	In memory of Edwin D.	100.00
Cook, Mrs. C. P., Merion, Pa.	1.00	Freeland, Mrs. John, Hoopston, Ill.	2.50	In memory of Elizabeth Glidden, Englewood, N. J.	5.00
Cook, Mrs. Robert G., Canandaigua, N. Y.	1.00	Freeman, Mrs. Edward W., Riverdale-on-Hudson, N. Y.	1.00	In memory of G. A. N., 2nd	50.00
Cooke, May R., Brooklyn, N. Y.	1.00	Fried, Jerome A., Ithaca, N. Y.	5.00	In memory of Gerald Clark Kling	50.00
Coolbaugh, Miss W. F., Chicago, Ill.	1.00	Gaffney, H. Railford, Augusta, Ga.	3.00	In memory of Henry Frank	10.00
Cooper, Mrs. A. S., Riverside, Calif.	1.00	Gannon, C. F., New York City	5.00	In memory of H. M. Bradford	1.00
Cooper, Mrs. J. E., New Britain, Conn.	1.00	Getzel, M. M., Monroe, N. Y.	5.00	In memory of Jerome C. Read	5.00
Cottington, C. H., Mamaroneck, N. Y.	1.00	Gillett, Mrs. H. R., Smethport, Pa.	5.00	In memory of John Lockhart	2.00
Cottrell, Kate Virginia, Westerly, R. I.	1.00	Ginsberg, Charles, Chicago, Ill.	8.00	In memory of "Jo Jo"	10.00
Counselors of Life's Girls' Camp, Branchville, Conn.	1.00	Girl Scout Troop, 149	1.00	In memory of Leslie and Jared, Paia, Maui, Hawaii	10.00
Courtney, Mr. & Mrs. H. W., Montclair, N. J.	1.00	Godd, Dr. A. N., Spokane, Wash.	1.00	In memory of Louise Varnum	15.00
C. P. G., 2nd, Santa Barbara, Calif.	1.00	Goldberg, Rube, New York, N. Y.	1.00	In memory of Mary L. Fosdick	5.00
Craft, L. F., Glen Cove, L. I.	1.00	Goldwater, Mrs. Lemuel, Los Angeles, Calif.	1.00	In memory of M. F. R.	5.00
Crane, Mrs. W. C., Woods Hole, Mass.	1.00	Goode, Mrs. Geo. W., San Diego, Calif.	1.00	In memory of "The Little Viking"	10.00
"Cranford"	1.00	Goodyear, Dorothy K., East Aurora, N. Y.	5.00	In memory of V. D. Shutte	5.00
Creighton, Mrs. J. B., Wilmington, N. Y.	1.00	Gray, Niel, Philadelphia, Pa.	1.00	In memory of W. J. Bryan	5.00
Curtiss, John, Forest Hills, N. Y.	1.00	Great East Lodge, Sanbornville, N. H.	25.00	Jalonack, Mr. & Mrs. H. M., Forest Hills, L. I.	2.00
Danforth, Mrs. F. J., New York City	1.00	Griffin, James Emory, Chicago, Ill.	26.85	J. B. S., New York City	1.50
Darling, Wm. T., Wauwatosa, Wis.	1.00	Griffith, Susan D., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.	1.00	J. E. A.	10.00
Dashiell, Mr. & Mrs. L. M., Fair Haven, N. J.	1.00	Gruman, Russell M., Chapel Hill, N. Car.	1.00	J. G. B., Pittsburgh, Pa.	10.00
Davidson, Mrs. Louis, New York, N. Y.	1.00	Guest, Mrs. F. E., New York, N. Y.	1.00	J. M. B., San Rafael	20.00
Davies, Mrs. Frederick M., Newport, R. I.	1.00	Halsey, Mrs. R. W., So. Orange, N. J.	25.00	Jobes, June H., Greenville, Ohio	2.00
Davis, Donald Dwight, Kansas City, Mo.	1.00	Hamley, L. H., Pendleton, Ore.	4.50	Joey	20.00
Dayton, D. M., Tacoma, Wash.	1.00	Haring, C. H., East Orange, N. J.	1.50	Johnson, Hallett, Washington, D. C.	10.00
Dexter, K. T. & M. V., Peterham, Mass.	1.00	Harkness, Mrs. Wm. L., New York, N. Y.	25.00	Johnson, Mrs. H. H., Cleveland, Ohio	10.00
Dignan, Helen W., Madison, Conn.	1.00	Harris, Edith, Montclair, N. J.	1,000.00	Jones, Laurence C., Piney Woods, Miss.	1.00
Dominick, Mrs. Geo. F., Greenwich, Conn.	1.00	Harrity, Isabella J., Germantown, Pa.	25.00	Jones, Dr. Marvin F., New York, N. Y.	10.00
Donnan, Marguerite B., Schenectady, N. Y.	1.00	Hartshorn, Mrs. S. H., Short Hills, N. J.	10.00	Jordan, Claire B., New York City	15.00
Dryer, Mrs. J. C., Rochester, N. Y.	1.00	Harvey, The Rev. Benson Heale, Manila, P. I.	50.00	Judd, Mrs. Stuart E., West Hartford, Conn.	5.00
Duncan, J. S., Chicago, Ill.	1.00	Hatton, C. M., Iliamna, Alaska	50.00	Katz, Leon, Honesdale, Pa.	2.00
Dunn & Thompson, Drs., Omaha, Neb.	1.00	Hatton, Dr. Thomas M., New York, N. Y.	10.00	Killgore, Mary, Windsor, N. Y.	25.00
Ecker, F. Worrall, Jr., Greenwich, Conn.	1.00	Hawkes, Mrs. Morris, Bar Harbor, Me.	100.00	Killgore, Mrs. Robert, Windsor, N. Y.	25.00
Erskine, Doris L., Watertown, Mass.	1.00	Hazard, P. R., Newport, R. I.	5.00	Kimball, Mrs. H. A., Laconia, N. H.	4.50
Erwin, Mrs. Henry Parsons, Wolfeboro, N. H.	1.00	Head, Francis, New York, N. Y.	5.00	Kinsella, J. Hixon, Atlanta, Ga.	1.50
"E. S. C.—Pensacola"	15.00	Head, F. H., Sauquoit, N. Y.	1.00	Knapp, Mrs. W. J., Rye, N. Y.	10.00
	15.00	Heck, Marie, North East Harbor, Me.	1.00	Knodel, H. W., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	1.00
	15.00	Heller, Frederick G., Bayside, N. Y.	1.00	Knowlton, Daniel G. & Josephine E., Bristol, R. I.	2.00
	10.00	Hlavac, Dr. Chas. W., New York, N. Y.	1.00	Knox, Miss A. R., East Hampton, N. Y.	4.50
	2.00	Hoagland, K. M., Pasadena, Calif.	20.00	Korndorff, L. H., Kearny, N. J.	5.00
	1.00	Holbrook, Helen A., Kew Gardens, N. Y.	1.00	Krohn, Joseph A., Denver, Colo.	1.00
	1.00		1.50	Kunze, Frank W., New York, N. Y.	10.00
	1.00		1.50	L. A. C., Evanston, Ill.	5.00
	1.00		1.00	Ladd, Mrs. W., Philadelphia, Pa.	2.00
	1.00		1.00	Lambert, Frank, New York, N. Y.	5.00

Fresh Air Fund Supplement



Rainy weather fun—the boys' own show.

Langenwalter, J. E., Twin Falls, Idaho
Langston, Mrs. Samuel M., Wenonah, N. J.
Lee, Mrs. Archibald C., Lexington, Va.
Lee, D. K., Nashville, Tenn.
Lewis, Jack C., Aspinwall, Pa. L. H. I.
Lindsay, J. B., Minneapolis, Minn.
Lithgow, C. G., Carmel, Calif.
Livingston, Edward H., Philadelphia, Pa.
Lloyd, Franc. H., Rochester, N. Y.
Long, Frederick W., Denver, Colo.
Longsdorf, Kenneth D., Lititz, Pa.
Love, Mrs. Robert C., New Castle, Pa.
Lovejoy, F. W., Rochester, N. Y.
Lustig, Mrs. Alfred L., Providence, R. I.
MacLean, D.
MacNaughton, Mrs. Katharine, Buffalo, N. Y.
Macy, Carleton, Hewlett, N. Y.
Maddex, Mrs. R. F., Duxbury, Mass.
Maloney, Paul, Philadelphia, Pa.
Marian, Katharine, Robert & Lynn
Maurer, Mrs. H. A., Jr., Scarsdale, N. Y.
Maynard, Dr. K. D., Elmira, N. Y.
McDarby, N. E., Auburn, Ind.
McDonald, Mrs. Mark L., San Francisco, Calif.
McIntyre, Dr. A. P., Cincinnati, Ohio
McKean, Mrs. Andrew P., Nantucket, Mass.

1.00	McKinlay, Archibald, Wayne, Pa.	5.00	Pa.	20.00
2.50	Melcon, Z. F., Storrie, Calif.	1.50	Purcell, Ruth E., Alliance, Ohio	10.00
	Merrymeeting Camp, Bath, Me.	7.30	Randall, Mrs. Walter, Derby, Conn.	25.00
1.00	Miles, Mrs. F. B., Cranbrook, B. C., Can.	1.00	Rawson, Helen W., W. Hartford, Conn.	1.50
1.00	Miller, Mrs. F. A., Bradford, Pa.	15.00	Read, F. A., Albion, N. Y.	1.50
1.00	Moody, Mrs. N. K., Tulsa, Okla.	1.00	Reed, Anna N., Milwaukee, Wis.	2.00
100.00	Morse, Charles H., Jr., Beloit, Wis.	1.50	Roberts, Mrs. James G., Merion, Pa.	5.00
1.00	Motley, A. H., Detroit, Mich.	1.50	Robinette, Mrs. Edward B., Philadelphia, Pa.	50.00
1.00	Mowry, Mrs. E. C., Providence, R. I.	1.50	Ross, Mrs. Gladys O., Oakland, Calif.	5.00
1.00	Murdock, Dora, Glen Cove, L. I.	10.00	R. W.	5.00
1.00	Murray, Mrs. Francis W., Jr., Tuxedo Park, N. Y.	5.00	St. Denis-Macfarlane, Mrs. Eva, Los Angeles, Calif.	5.00
1.00	Myers, G. D., Cincinnati, Ohio	1.00	Sanborn, John W., Buffalo, N. Y.	1.00
1.00	Nedden, Nora, Vancouver, B. C., Can.	1.50	Sanford, Mrs. C. A., Greenwich, Conn.	1.00
1.00	Nelson, Hazel, Brooklyn, N. Y.	10.00	Savage, Albert W., Meriden, Conn.	1.00
15.00	Nelson, Wenley D., Antwerp, Belgium	3.90	25.00	2.00
1.50	Newton, Mrs. H. D., Norwich, N. Y.	20.00	Schaefer, Mrs. E. F., Quincy, Ill.	5.00
5.00	Nutt, J. R., Cleveland, Ohio	1.00	Schubert, O. B., New York City	1.00
25.00	Otis, Charles, Yarmouthport, Mass.	10.00	Schuller, A. L., Upper Montclair, N. J.	1.00
2.00	Packard, Geo. R., Philadelphia, Pa.	10.00	Scott, Miss A. M. K., New York, N. Y.	1.00
15.00	P. A. H.	10.00	Seymour, G. D., New Haven, Conn.	1.00
5.00	Paige, Mrs. C. C., Painesville, Ohio	15.00	Shaw, Thos. B., Worcester, Mass.	2.00
3.00	Paine, Mrs. F. C., Wayland, Mass.	20.00	Sheppard, Mrs. John, Clarksburg, Va.	1.00
5.00	Pearce, Mrs. Patty, Ft. Thomas, Ky.	1.00	Six little dogs	15.00
1.00	Peterkin, Mrs. Albert G., Jr., Bryn Mawr, Pa.	1.00	S. K., New York, N. Y.	5.00
1.00	Pfaelzer, Mrs. Franklin, Jr., Boston, Mass.	5.00	Smart, Rosemary Anne, Worcester, Mass.	2.19
20.00	Phillips, Mrs. George F., Providence, R. I.	1.00	Smith, John Samuel, Waltham, Mass.25
1.00	Phillips, Mrs. H. W., Hardeeville, So. Car.	10.00	Spaulding, S. S., Springfield Center, N. Y.	10.00
25.00	Pontefract, Mrs. E. W., Shields,		Spencer, J., New York City	5.00

Fresh Air Fund Supplement

Speranza, Mrs. Gino, Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.	5.00	Whitbread, Mrs. Frances F., Larchmont, N. Y.	5.00	Anonymous, Kalamazoo, Mich.	5.00
Sterling, Mrs. Willis B., Erie, Pa.	50.00	Whittlesey, Mrs. P. W., Nyack, N. Y.	10.00	Anonymous, Long Island City, N. Y.	1.00
Strong, Mrs. A. G., Rochester, N. Y.	10.00	Wiess, Mrs. Henry C., Houston, Tex.	10.00	Anonymous, Los Angeles, Calif.	5.00
Strong, Mrs. Henry Alvah, Washington, D. C.	50.00	Will, O. H., II	5.00	Anonymous, Los Angeles, Calif.	5.00
Stroud, Edward A., Philadelphia, Pa.	5.00	Williams, Mr. & Mrs. Arthur P., Bellows Falls, Vt.	5.00	Anonymous, Louisville, Ky.	1.00
Strowger, Berk B., Portland, Ore.	25.00	Williams, Douglas, New York City	25.00	Anonymous, Madison, Conn.	15.00
Stubley, Miss C. M., Bar Harbor, Me.	5.00	Williams, Estelle, New York, N. Y.	20.00	Anonymous, Marshall, Ind.	15.00
Strykers Lane Community Center	11.00	Williams, Mrs. W. T., New York City	2.50	Anonymous, Montclair, N. J.	2.00
Swain, Mrs. Rexford, Lockport, N. Y.	1.00	Williamston, Mrs. Arthur L., Dedham, Mass.	1.50	Anonymous, Newark, N. J.	5.00
Swift, G. C., Watertown, Conn.	1.00	Wilson, Eva, New York City	2.00	Anonymous, New Haven, Conn.	5.00
Taft, Mrs. J. M., Piedmont, Calif.	1.00	Witherspoon, Mrs. Eleanor E., Washington, D. C.	4.50	Anonymous, New London, Conn.	5.00
Taylor, Mrs. Moses, Newport, R. I.	1.00	W. J. B.	10.00	Anonymous, New York City	5.00
Thomas, Mrs. J. M., Greenwich, Conn.	25.00	W. N. H.	10.00	Anonymous, New York City	5.00
Thorn, Miss A. G., New York, N. Y.	10.00	Wolff, Harriette Hart, Woodmere, L. I.	5.00	Anonymous, New York City	10.00
Tilney, Mrs. I. Sheldon, Orange, N. J.	5.00	Wolff-Metternich, William Edward	5.00	Anonymous, New York, N. Y.	10.00
Toppin, L. O., Sierra Madre, Calif.	10.00	Wood, Edna A., Kennebunkport, Me.	2.00	Anonymous, New York, N. Y.	15.00
Toy, Mary, New York, N. Y.	25.00	Wood, Louisa L., Wawa, Pa.	4.50	Anonymous, New York, N. Y.	100.00
Treadway, Mrs. L. H., Cleveland, Ohio	1.00	Woodman, R. G. & R. S., Tenafly, N. J.	10.00	Anonymous, Pasadena, Calif.	5.00
Trench, C. J., New Brighton, N. Y.	10.00	Woodward, S., Jr., Brussels, Belgium	10.00	Anonymous, Paterson, N. J.	2.00
Tucker, Carl, Jr., New York City	100.00	X Y Z	10.00	Anonymous, Philadelphia, Pa.	1.00
Turner, Chester A., New Bedford, Mass.	3.00	Young, Celestina, Don, Jr., Brit & Peggy, Norwalk, Ohio	10.00	Anonymous, Philadelphia, Pa.	25.00
Tyler, Frederick S., Washington, D. C.	5.00	"A Friend"	5.00	Anonymous, Philadelphia, Pa.	100.00
Underhill, Mrs. M. C., Tuckahoe, N. Y.	20.00	"A Friend"	5.00	Anonymous, Port Chester, N. Y.	5.00
Van Alstyne, J. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.	2.00	"A Friend"	20.00	Anonymous, Providence, R. I.	15.00
van Cleve, Grace R., Erie, Pa.	20.00	"A Friend"	5.00	Anonymous, Sabael, N. Y.	10.00
van Valzah, Mrs. Edith M., Santa Barbara, Calif.	5.00	"A Friend," Scranton, Pa.	25.00	Anonymous, St. Louis, Mo.	1.00
Van Vechten, Mrs. Schuyler, Sea Bright, N. J.	1.00	"A Wellwisher"	1.00	Anonymous, Saranac Inn, N. Y.	10.00
Vaughan, R. T., Chicago, Ill.	20.00	"Friend—Hyannis Port"	25.00	Anonymous, Sea Girt, N. J.	25.00
Verplanck, Bayard, Fishkill-on-Hudson, N. Y.	2.00	"From a Friend"	15.00	Anonymous, Seal Harbor, Me.	10.00
Wade, F. S., California	10.00	"From C. O. L."	10.00	Anonymous, Sewickley, Pa.	2.00
Warner, Chester, Sunderland, Mass.	25.00	"From one who, as a kid, had little and appreciated that."	2.00	Anonymous, Sewickley, Pa.	25.00
Weil, Mrs. S. E., Katonah, N. Y.	5.00	Julie C. Deane, Faith Atkins, Charles P. Coolidge, 3rd, Daniel J. Coolidge, Thomas Donald Cunningham & Katherine Claffin	25.00	Anonymous, Siasconset, Mass.	10.00
Weiss, Marie B., Montclair, N. J.	1.00	Anonymous	1.00	Anonymous, Soda Springs, Calif.	20.00
Werner, S., Roxbury, Mass.	1.50	Anonymous	10.00	Anonymous, So. Harwich, Mass.	5.00
W. G. D.	30.00	Anonymous	10.00	Anonymous, Sterlington, N. Y.	5.00
Whipple, Henry W. & Louise M., Cranford, N. J.	10.00	Anonymous	10.00	Anonymous, Timberville, Va.	10.00
TOTAL \$17,433.09					

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENTS

LIFE'S Fresh Air Endowments, which cost \$500, are a really satisfactory form of giving. The Endowment may be entered as a memorial or anonymously, or in any name the donor wishes. The money is deposited in a perpetual trust fund, held for us by the Bankers Trust Company, and the interest from it ensures a vacation each summer for one poor city child at one of LIFE'S Camps.

Received, an additional 15% of \$25,000.00 bequest from Mary H. Mitchell Estate, In Memory of John Ames Mitchell. Endowments No. 350, No. 351, No. 352, No. 353, No. 354, No. 355 and one half of Endowment No. 356. Total amount of money received from the Mary H. Mitchell Estate thus far is \$6,250.00.

Endowment No. 357 bequeathed to LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund by Marie Austin.

LIFE also acknowledges with many thanks receipt of the following items at the Girl's Camp in Branchville, Conn.:

100 lbs. clay from the Fuller Pottery Co., of Flemington, N. J.

One case of sample paper from the Martin Cantine Co., of Saugerties, N. Y.

Box of tissue paper from the American Tissue Co., of Holyoke, Mass.

Paint and brushes from Pratt & Lambert, of Long Island City, N. Y.

Toys and dolls from Rachel Coffin, of Washington, D. C.

Box of clothing from Miss Fine's School at Princeton, N. J.

Box of clothing from Mrs. Harold Hayden, of St. Albans, N. Y.

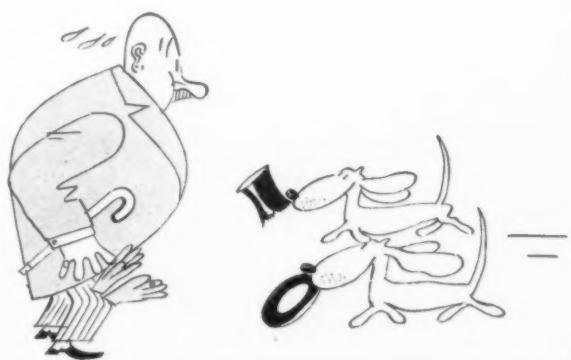
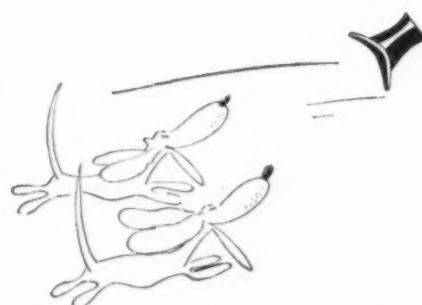
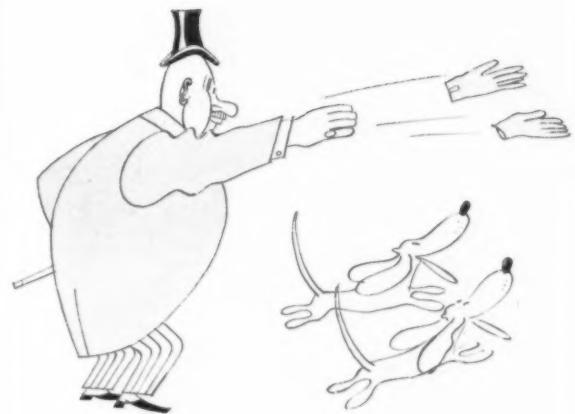
Box of clothing from Mrs. Ethel L. Burdett at Camp Wahtonah, Brewster, Mass. and, at the Boy's Camp in Pottersville, N. J., a box of toys from The Toy Shop, in Washington, D. C., and a box of stationery from the Perry Printing & Stationery Co., of New York City.

(Further acknowledgements will be made next month.)



Something to anticipate—the evening camp fire.

L I F E





VOL. 100

"While There's Life, There's Hope"

NUMBER 2584

THE easiest thing to say about the N.R.A. is (a) that it will work and (b) that it will not work, but when you've said that you've said just about nothing at all. If it does work, what sort of nation will we turn out to be? If it doesn't work, will we go back to being what we were, heaven forbid?

You can put it down as an axiom that we shall never go back to what we were. If there is one thing history teaches, it is that history never stands still. There may be a revulsion of feeling that will make us shudder at the very mention of N.R.A., but it does not follow logically that we shall cheer for Herbert Hoover. History simply does not work in that way. True enough, when England tired of its Labor government it turned back to the most conservative ruling group in

decades, but that meant little when one once understood that there had been no fundamental change at the start. Mr.

William Green of the A. F. of L. may someday be elected President of the United States but if he does nothing more to alter the form of government than Ramsay MacDonald did in like circumstances there will be little cause for alarm.

But the N.R.A. is something else again. The important thing is that it has not only changed the fabric of our social institutions but it has wrought a revolutionary change in our ways of thought. We agree with Mr. Theodore Dreiser that the N.R.A. is the greatest educational force of our recent history. People who have never hitherto strained their brains beyond the point of concern about Greta Garbo's personal life are now thinking of production and

consumption, economics and politics, wages and markets and differentials.

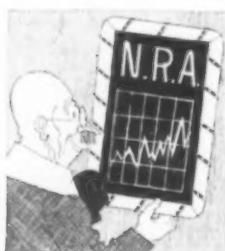
The implications in N.R.A. are stupendous. Almost anything can come out of it. It seems to us that the analysis of N.R.A. by the journalistic commentators has been a shade less than brilliant. The financial writers—and those on the New York papers have been cautiously but definitely skeptical of the success of N.R.A.—take it for granted that if it doesn't work, we shall simply resume where we left off. The Liberals, on the other hand, such as Heywood Broun and the *New Republic*, are hell-bent for the success of the plan on the theory that it affords the working man the best opportunity of his life. But is that so certain? Let us take the case of the coal miners as a single example. There has been a compact signed between the government, the coal owners and the United Mine Workers, as representing the miners, and everybody is quite happy over it. But the N.R.A. (the Act itself, that is) gives the workers the right to choose their own form of representation, whether it be the Holy Rollers, the Odd Fellows or the United Mine Workers.

Now let us say, which is quite true, that there are many miners who have no confidence in the United Mine Workers and have no intention of following their leadership. They come out in strike as a protest, demanding their own representation. How to handle strikes of this sort? Mr. Grover Whalen, head of N.R.A. in New York City, maintains in essence that such strikes are a strike against the N.R.A. and hence against the government. In short, a form of treason. If that contention is upheld by the courts, what do

we have? Instead of a company union, which the miners loathe, we substitute a governmental union. And what, fundamentally, is that?

It is Fascism, exactly as it operates in Italy and Germany. The next step is forced labor, as we have it in Hitlerized Germany, and that can scarcely be a pleasant prospect for the American working man. On the other hand, the utter failure of the N.R.A., with the resultant chaos of slashed wages, cut-throat competition and bloody industrial warfare would be not pleasant.

No, whatever happens, we shall be a changed land. We have been accused of being a strange people and we are generally the first to admit it. Either we are the most sheeplike and juvenile of countries, as has been hinted, or we are the most flexible. Never has a nation accepted a revolutionary change so whole-heartedly as we have accepted the N.R.A. There seems no limit to our willingness to try something new, and that may be our salvation.



AT the risk of boring you with the theme, we can't resist the suggestion that Prohibition has followed almost exactly the formula as presented above. For a few moments in 1917-18 it seemed that we were all for Prohibition except those red-nosed rounders who could never be interested in anything decent, and at the present moment Repeal is coming so rapidly that the well-known visitor from Mars could only decide that we are unanimously a nation of drunkards. The point is that precedent means little to us. We eventually get round to doing what we think should be done and what our grandfathers thought about it makes little difference. LIFE took that

attitude when it led the Repeal battle against what seemed to be impregnable forces, and the Repeal struggle is now won.

The N.R.A. is doing it anew against depression. Whatever happens—and a great many disastrous things can happen—we won't be the U. S. A. of old. It may be better or it may be worse, but it won't be the same.



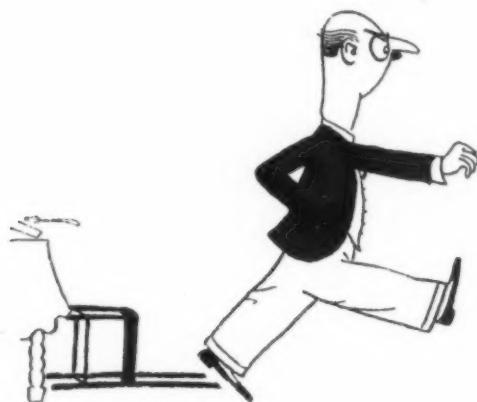


Farewell to Alms!

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARY



It's easy enough to get up from the table—



make for the door—



turn round and have the last word—



storm out—



and bang the door violently after you—



but it's so awkward when you happen to have left your pipe on the mantelpiece!

—Punch, London (By special permission)



• THE •
COLLEGE PARADE



AN Indian up in northern Michigan returned for the third time to buy a half dozen dollar bottles of cough syrup.

Druggist: Someone sick at your house?

Indian: No sick.

Druggist: Then, what on earth is all this cough syrup for?

Indian: M-m-me likeum on pancakes.

—*California Pelican.*

Men in Session After Dinner

1st M—And I tell you, I've kissed

the girls at Vassar, kissed the ladies of Bryn Mawr, kissed the university beauty queen, but I've yet to get greater enjoyment than when I kiss my own wife.

2nd M (enthusiastically) — By George, you're right!

Painful silence.

—*Exchange.*

"There's just one thing that all men thirst after."

"And what is that?"

"Peanut butter."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

VIRTUE

—in the female, lack of temptation;

—in the male, lack of opportunity.

—*Brown Jug.*

He: Do you believe kissing is unhealthy?

She: I couldn't say—I've never—

He: You've never been kissed?

She: I've never been sick.

—*Purple Parrot.*

We understand that the Students Aid of Vassar is publishing a booklet of advice for girls on houseparty dates. The title, probably, will be, "What Every Young Lady Should No."

—*Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.*

"Darling, I love you for your beauty and culture."

"Youse wouldn't kid me, would yuh?"

—*Brown Jug.*

Zeke was having a corn husking bee or a confab or something or other over at his place one time, and all his friends and neighbors from miles around had come. His yard was crowded with horses, buggies, and a few ramshackle Fords of all kinds. Shortly after the arrival of his good friend Si, he noticed for the first time a most attractive roan, tied to his front porch. He said to Si, "I say Si, that is some good lookin' roan you got out there."

"That's not my hoss," answered Si.

"It isn't?" queried Zeke. "Then I guess it must be a horse of another caller."

—*Lehigh Burr.*

THE LIMIT

There's a lot of fault in females.
That I'm wont to disregard;
On the whole I'm open-minded
(Though I find it rather hard)

To their everlasting gossip
And their fundamental vice
Of a simulated terror
Of those tiny little mice.

But I lose my toleration
And I slaver on my jaw
When they stamp and snap their fingers
With a shriek of: "HOTCHA CHA!"

—*Cornell Widow.*



"Here, take the skis—make it official!"

—*Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.*

PAGING WILLIAM S. KNUDSEN

CALL for Mr. Knudsen! Why Mr. Knudsen? Because while nearly every magazine in the country has run biographical sketches of matinee idols, gate crashers, columnists, politicians and publicity-conscious businessmen, none has considered the Little-Known Giants of Industry—the quiet men behind products familiar to you as your thumb. You don't know William S. Knudsen, and that's the whole idea.

Call for Mr. Knudsen!



New York, Paris, Buenos Aires on the phone. They all want to talk automobile and Knudsen speaks their language. He's president and general manager of Chevrolet, and makes more automobiles than anybody else in the world. That in itself is reason enough to know him, but there are others.

IN 1916 there was one colossus of the automotive industry—Ford; one glamorous figure perpetually in the headlines—Ford; one genius who was heart and soul of the most awesome industrial organization in the world—Ford. They were great days; and through them, unknown, unheard of, unsung, stalked a tall gangling figure who spoke with a faint Danish accent; who had landed in New York in 1900; and who, only a few years ago, stepped out of the rôle of Ford's right-hand man and has since become his biggest competitor.

Knudsen was no immigrant boy wearing wooden shoes. He had graduated from high school with honors, could read English but not speak it, and had swung sledges in shipyards and roundhouses before he found a job with a company Ford bought in 1911.

For ten years he worked quietly with Ford; then, in 1921, he left. In fact, he quit. Quit just as conclusively as those others Ford had employed: Cuzzens, Hawkins, Wills. But while they turned the benefits of their Ford experience into other channels, Knudsen stayed in the automotive industry. In less than three years he was appointed to his present position; and by 1927 he had performed one of the wonders of the world: Chevrolet became the largest builder of automobiles.

"A lucky fluke," said the wiseacres; "it won't happen again."

But it did—the next year. Then again in 1931 and 1932. It happened, strangely enough, without any fanfare of personal publicity. Knudsen had managed it without leaping into the headlines and without constantly airing his views in public.

Last May, though, he *did* pop into the headlines. Just when things looked blackest and the NRA eagle was not yet a familiar emblem, Knudsen announced a blanket wage increase for all his factory employees. When the newspaper reporters got to him they discovered that the basic principle of the NRA was three-year-old stuff to Knudsen. They learned that by spreading work he had carried his employees through the entire slump; that no worker had ever been a burden on public welfare in any city where Chevrolet operated plants.

BUT the reporters missed the best part of the story because Knudsen didn't know it was a story, and still doesn't think so. Items:

In 1930, Knudsen was knighted by King Christian of Denmark for outstanding services to his native land.

His office is NOT a sanctum of a Big Shot. He has but one secretary (a man) and writes all his important letters on yellow foolscap for transcription on the typewriter.

He never has his secretary call a third

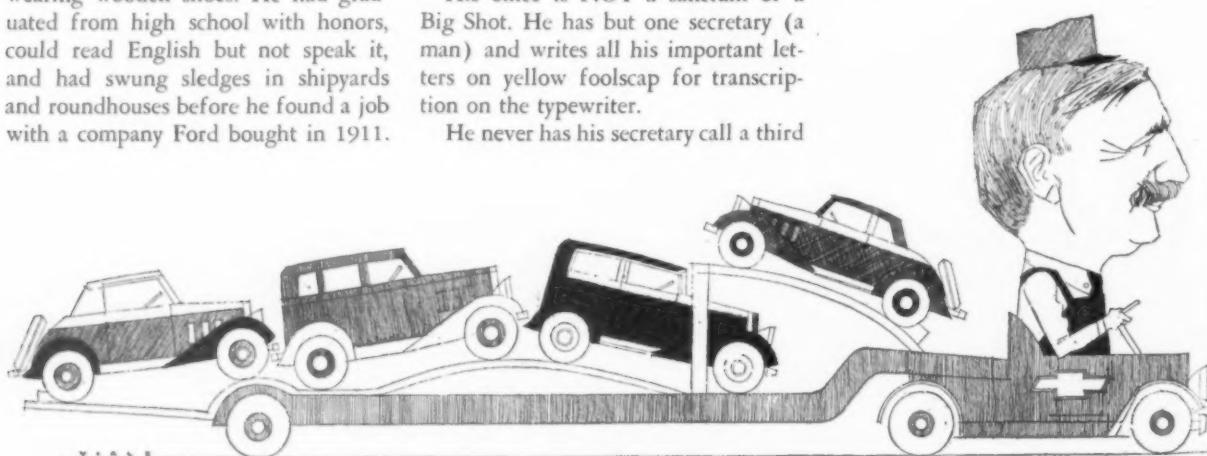
party on the phone and say, "Hold the line for Mr. Knudsen." Instead, your phone rings and he says, "This is Knudsen."

In August, 1931, when Rufus Dawes and his associates backing Chicago's Century of Progress were facing the prospect of probable failure, Knudsen boldly signed a contract to construct a huge General Motors exhibition building there. The project represented an investment of over a million dollars—and turned the tide to the Fair's success, according to no less authority than Dawes himself. Incidentally, Knudsen was canny enough to specify for Chevrolet the exclusive privilege of assembling cars on the grounds, and as a result his show played to more than a million people a month.

WHILE supervising the construction of the General Motors building at the Fair, he was simultaneously heading a commission in charge of Michigan's State exhibit. A generous legislature had approved \$125,000 for the purpose—from an empty State treasury. Knudsen somehow got the exhibit (which has been widely praised) finished on schedule, but admits it called for as much time and trouble as his own million dollar baby at the other end of the grounds.

And as we go to press, Mr. Knudsen has been made Vice-president of the General Motors Corporation and put in charge of all car and body operations in the United States and Canada. This makes him second in command of the whole works.

But he is easier to see than the vice-president of any second-rate advertising agency.



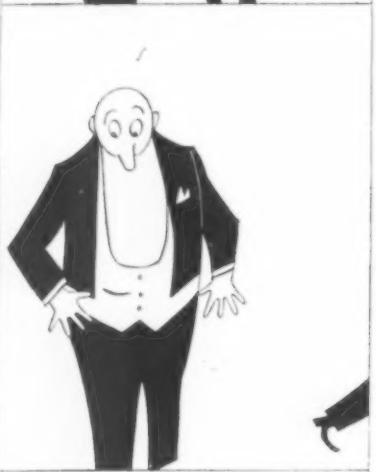
A new Pinnacle in the Sky Line



VISIT THE BREWERY

See how KINGS BEER is made. Just write
for a pass which will be gladly mailed you.
Address: 227 Pulaski St., Brooklyn, N. Y.





FASCINATING BRIDGE HANDS

NO. 8

By John C. Emery

♠ A-Q-J-10-9-5
♥ 9-6
♣ 7-3
♦ 8-7-4
♠ K-6-3
♥ 8-7-4-3
♣ K-5-4
♦ 6-5-2
♠ 7-2
♥ A-K-Q
♣ A-10-9-8
♦ A-Q-J-10
♠ 8-4
♥ J-10-5-2
♣ Q-J-6-2
♦ K-9-5

THE title of Most Fascinating Bridge Hand is awarded this month to the intriguing layout contributed by Lester G., of Evanston, Ill. Mr. G. played the East hand, and he is still chuckling at the way his stratagem worked out. No reader of bridge books, Mr. G.'s theory in bidding this hand was a strictly home-made product. It worked, and it is almost inevitable that Mr. G., encouraged, will now devise some more little tricks of his own, which are almost sure to cost him many, many points. Oh, the pity of it!

Mr. G. himself dealt the hand, his eyes duly popping as he cast the first glance at his pretty cards. After he had sorted them and indulged in a few moments of silent exultation, he began the bidding.

Bird's-eye View of the Scene

THE BIDDING

Er—ah—Pass
Double!

Er—3 Spades	N
Pass	W
Pass	E
	S
2 Spades	
3 No Trump	
Pass	
Pass	
Pass	

East's bid of two spades requires some explanation, and here it is, as offered by Mr. G. himself.

"Of course, I figured that no trump was probably the best bid," says Mr. G., "but I was worried about the spade situation. If my partner had no stopper in spades, we might be taken for a ride. If I bid spades, and he supported me, I could figure on his having a stop. If he denied spades, I could go into diamonds. A spade bid, too, might affect South's leads. And I had to bid

two spades to make sure that West wouldn't leave me hanging there. See?"

So East bid his two spades, West raised in a spirit of good-fellowship and on almost nothing else, and East went to the game in no trump that he had had in mind from the beginning. North's double was uttered with a prayer that South would see through the deception of East's spade bid and lead a spade at the start.

North's prayer, regrettably, went unanswered. South led his "fourth highest," the deuce of clubs, and East let it ride all the way around, to take the trick with his eight. East's one hope was that he might set up diamonds before North had a chance to make a significant discard. He consequently led his ten of clubs and took the trick in dummy with his king. Promptly, then, he led a diamond and finessed his queen, South taking the trick.

Here again South had a chance to wreck the hand by leading a spade, but he remembered East's spade bid too well for that. Deciding that North's double must have been made on heart strength, he led his jack of the suit. North's groans were drowned out by East's whinnies of glee, as East took the trick with his queen. There was nothing to it after that. East cashed his ace, jack and ten of diamonds, his ace and king of hearts and his ace of clubs, willingly surrendering the rest of the tricks to the opposition. East made his game in no trump, a thing which he could not have done in any suit and which he might not have done in no trump had he not bid as he did.

"Boy, oh boy, was that a bid!" exclaims Mr. G. in conclusion.

Yes, and the poorhouse is full of bridge players who have made a habit of using it.



Take Care!

exposure invites serious colds . . .

gargle Listerine when you reach home

Attending a late-season football game when the weather is bad is a gamble—no less.

Serious colds, sore throat, grippe, and even pneumonia—thousands of cases—often develop after such spectacles. Medical records everywhere confirm this.

Men and women past thirty seem to be the most frequent victims, but young people are by no means immune.

Listerine fights cold germs

Sitting in open stands in foggy, rainy, sleety, or freezing weather quickly weakens body resistance. Health authorities say lowered resistance is the major predisposing cause of colds. Disease germs already at work in mouth and throat get the upper hand.

Health Hints for the Fan

After exposure, Nature needs help to keep disease germs under control. For this purpose Listerine, the safe antiseptic, is recommended. While it kills germs, Listerine will not harm delicate tissue.

If you attend a football game in nasty weather, do the following

when you reach home:

1. Gargle with Listerine every 2 hours.
2. Change clothes, shoes, and stockings if they are at all damp.
3. Place hot water bag on feet to stimulate circulation.
4. Drink a hot or warm drink (lemonade is good).
5. If you have a chill, get into bed; if a fever, call your doctor.

Reduces Mouth Germs as much as 99%

Listerine used as a gargle aids in warding off colds because it quickly destroys the germs associated with colds. In the oral cavity, millions of these germs are present.

The moment Listerine enters the mouth, this germ-killing action begins. After its use, germs are shown by actual test to be reduced as much as 99% within 5 minutes.

At the end of 4 hours—and this is highly important—germ reductions as high as 64% are even noted.



Fewer colds for garglers

More interesting still are the careful tests in which several hundred people were studied. They were divided into two groups—those who did not gargle

Listerine and those who did. Now note this:

Those who gargled Listerine twice a day contracted only one-third as many colds as those who did not gargle with it. These colds were far milder and of shorter duration than the colds contracted by non-users of Listerine.

Confirming these tests is the personal experience of thousands of men and women who have used Listerine to fight colds and to relieve ordinary sore throat.

Always keep a bottle at home. Slip one into your suitcase when you travel and take one in the side pocket of your car when you motor. It is a good safeguard against infection. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



Down go LISTERINE prices!

Buy now at substantial savings

The perfect gift



Key Chains (one-half actual size)

Monogram Key Tops and Money Clips!

THESE Key Chains, Monogram Key Tops and Money Clips have become very popular as moderate priced gifts for particular people who really appreciate something personal and individual. They are handcrafted, strong and will last a lifetime.

Our Key Chains bear a registered number and are stamped with our name for identification in case of loss.

The Monogram Key Top readily identifies that particular key which is the most used.

The Money Clips are very useful and attractive.

During the last holiday season requests for these articles came from 26 different states.

Prices in Sterling

KEY Circle	CHAINS Block Letter	MONEY CLIPS	MONOGRAM KEY TOP
\$5.00	\$4.50	\$5.00	\$5.00

Prices in 14K Gold

KEY Circle	CHAINS Block Letter	MONEY CLIPS	MONOGRAM KEY TOP
\$11.00	\$10.00	\$15.00	\$10.00

In ordering stipulate the article and design desired; if circle monogram, mention position of last letter, either in center or on the end.

Jewelry Craftsmen since 1895

Boyden-Minuth Company
Heyworth Bldg., 29 E. Madison St.
CHICAGO

HOT AIR CASTLES

"BILL, honey, seeing as it's raining and we can't go out tonight, what do you say we pretend we've lots of money to get married on, and draw the plans for our Dream Home?"

"O.K., baby. We'll draw us a cute lil Love Nest!"

"I'll get a pencil and a piece of paper. Now, then! Let's begin with the first floor. Here's the living room, and there's the dining room, but where shall we put the staircase, dear?"

"What do you say we just have a pole to slide down like they do at the firehouse, sweetheart?"

"Now, Bill, don't be funny! I'm really serious about this! Suppose we have the stairs come down into the living room, with wrought iron railings? That should look awfully nice with our modernistic furniture."

"Wait a minute, baby! What do you mean—modernistic furniture? I hate that dern stuff!"

"Don't be ridiculous, darling! It's terribly smart! And think how catsy it'll be to have built-in mirrors and indirect lighting!"

"This may be a dream home to you, baby, but it sounds like a nightmare to me."

"Bill, you're so old-fashioned you make me sick! Anyhow, I think this house ought to be the way I want it,

because after all you'll only see it when you come home from the office evenings, while I'll have to look at it all day long!"

"All right, all right! Decorate the rest of the shack any way you want, but I'm going to design me a good old-fashioned den to retire to!"

"Well, I suppose it's only fair for you to have a den. And we can make it real tricky with hunting prints and—"

"Say, whose den is this anyway? I'm designing this den, and I'm gonna have me a horse-hair sofa, and a desk to put my feet on. And a lock on the door to keep you from cleaning the place up every few minutes!"

"All I can say is, William, if you're going to have that kind of a messy old den, you can just have it in the cellar!"

"Nix on that cellar business! I'll stick a wing on the house like this, and have my den in it. There!"

"NOW look what you've done! You've gone and spoiled the shape of our home! You can't have a wing there, anyhow, 'cause that's where I planned to put the garage and the dog kennels!"

"Dog kennels? Since when are we going in for dogs?"

"Cert'nly we'll have dogs! I've always longed to raise pedigreed Pekinese, and with a big place like this I can do it."

"Pekes? Ye gods! Lois, I warn you



"I owe you five cents. The man made a mistake and gave me buttermilk."

—if you raise gnats like that in the backyard, I'm going to keep a couple of police dogs out front!"

"But, Bill, you can't keep police dogs! They'll eat up my Pekes!"

"Good! I hope they do! I hope they don't eat them all up at once, either. I hope they worry them first!"

"How can you be so heartless? How can you be so cruel? Oh, boo hoo, to think I'm engaged to such a brute! Boo hoo hoo!"

"Oh, my gawsh! Listen, Lois, don't cry! I was only kidding. I swear I was only kidding, Lois!"

"Boo hoo!"

"Hush, darling! Don't cry, sweetheart! Here, papa wipe baby's eyes. Look, baby's dropped tears all over our lil Love Nest!"

"L-love Nest? H-ha ha!"

—Marge.

E Pluribus Decem

TIME was when all Earth's creatures wrote plays

And horrible products were spawned,
But homegrown drama has lapsed, these days,

For another era has dawned;
It seems each cop and chiropodist,

Each cowboy alone with his herds
Feels consecrated to pen a list

Of the ten most beautiful words.
They weigh the merits of *dawn* and *leaf*,

Of *tulip* and *oval* and *blue*,
But no one adds to his verbal brief

The ten unaesthetic ones too . . .
There's *scranch*, the groan of a back that breaks

In a forcibly opened book;
And *pblup*, the sound that a garment makes

When it falls from a closet hook;
Ulsh unobtrusively points the fact

That you've trodden upon a snail;
While *spodge* tells when a hammer has cracked

A finger instead of a nail;
Some others are *zronk*, made by a wight

Tuning D on a violin,
And *gorp* and *foof*, which follow a bite

On an apple a worm is in;
The three completing this graceless ten
Bring the feeling that's known as "gone"

When, on a statement, a heartless pen
Has scrawled: *Your account overdrawn.*

—E. B. Crosswhite.

JOIN



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Annual Roll Call

November . . . 11-30, . . . 1933

The American National Red Cross

National Headquarters

Washington, D. C.

This space donated by Life Magazine Inc.

"WHAT LUCK!"

You're just the man
I wanted to see!"



At The ROOSEVELT.

meetings like this are an everyday occurrence—you do meet the men you "wanted to see."

It isn't luck—it's simply that the men and women of your world naturally stop at the Roosevelt. They appreciate value, in hotel service as in everything else. And the Roosevelt is New York's best value—the least expensive finer hotel.

Rooms now from \$4.00

**The
ROOSEVELT**
Edward C. Fogg, Managing Director
Madison Ave. and 45 St., NEW YORK
A UNITED HOTEL

THE WOMAN'S SLANT

By Alice Hughes

Cotillion

B E T T E R brush upon your square dance steps, for there's no telling how far back these revivals will take us. This is 1933, isn't it? And yet

stores are showing black ruffled taffeta skirts with dust ruchings at the hem. Paisley bags and coats. Tiny bonnets held to the back of the head by an elastic. Black lace mitts. Wasp-waist corsets.

We think it's all very picturesque but it has gone far enough. We've given our men the thrill of seeing us quaint as a daguerreotype. We've indulged our little-girl pleasures in "dressing up." Isn't it about time to dress sensibly again? We happen to know and love Mae West, but that this glamorous ex-burlesque queen should be hailed as the deity of fashion just because she swung her swivel hips through "She Done Him Wrong" is ludicrous—not only to us but to herself as well.

For fancy dress—yes. But for every day, we live in trust that designers will offer us clothes that suit today's tempo, instead of delving into Godey's *Lady's Book* and the Victorias, Eugénies, Du-

barrys and other such strumpets of the past.

This Month's Madnesses

HOOP-ROLLING revived for adults as well as for children. At Macy's.

DIAMOND-STUDDED gold or platinum fingernails clipped on over your own. At Abercrombie & Fitch.

TABLES AND COVERS upon which guests may carve their initials and write their witty ideas. The former has a 2-ply top allowing a double surface for carving hearts and arrows and telephone numbers. The latter goes into the wash as soon as it is all scrawled, and comes out ready for a second writing. At Bloomingdale's.

MUSICAL JEWELRY which, applied to the lips instead of the wrist as a bracelet, or the neckline as a brooch, toots out several lively tunes. At Franklin Simon.

DOG GOGGLES, keeping Fido's eyes free of dust and windburn. And if one goes to that length for a dog, why not buy him a chocolate flavored bone? At Altman's.

THE HEMP BODI-MASSAGER, with which you can give yourself a thorough, complete massage in fifteen minutes—very effective for reducing, stimulating circulation, in treatment for headaches, etc.



"This garage you're building is certainly using up a lot of that cement, dear."

Snap Judgment

Everybody wants to know what games we will be playing this winter's evenings. Will it still be backgammon, bridge, jigsaw puzzles, anagrams? Simon & Schuster, public enemies of boredom, who are responsible for the first popularity of crossword puzzles, Mental Whoopee, Fun in Bed (a book), and other mirth-provoking pastimes, offer an answer in Snap Judgment, a photo guessing game. Everyone's picture is included in this game. It's up to the players to guess who. Those who are good newspaper readers who are up on their murders, divorces and public scandals, stand the best chance of winning in Snap Judgment.

• • •

Head to Foot

A family of hats is in its third generation at Saks-5th Avenue. There was Pinch-Punch the first, second and now the present model, a credit and an ornament to this season's millinery. It's one of those Alpine hats which give women height and which make them look gallant with their eye-shading brims. This same store has followed up the Chinese influence in fashions with some dainty little pointed slippers, short-vamped, spool-heeled, and giving women's feet that bound-up Chinese look.

• • •

Lite Savers

MARGARET FISHBACK'S new book of verse, called "Out of My Head" . . . a thrilling new perfume called *De Toi Je Chante* . . . Vette, a new stitched brassière whose purpose is uplift and how! . . . Dromedary Gingerbread Mix, to which you add water and run up a batch of spicy gingerbread in a twink . . . Dry-Dee ear caps for babies so their ears won't flap in later life . . . Streamline, the new feeling in fashion and interior design, which adds a calm, smooth, flowing quality, pleasing to eye and mind . . . Laskinlamb, the smart and inexpensive fur coat worn with an Ascot tie.

• • •

Are You Wearing . . .

Accordion collar and cuffs of braided black faille ribbon, edged with metal beads? Off-the-face hats almost in the manner of the flapper years ago? Diamond stars in your hair at night? Cowboy neckerchiefs and belts to match, as brilliant colored accessories on a dark dress? You should be!

Is it sensible to tackle your most important job in LIFE without Special Training?

The MOTHER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA

combined with

The PARENTS' MAGAZINE

is a veritable education in successful child rearing. It enables mothers and fathers also to feel more sure of their decisions and parental policies —to realize an enlightened parenthood.



The MOTHER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA

ONE thousand pages covering every conceivable topic concerning child welfare. The Parents' Magazine for five years has been a laboratory and clearing house for every new way to meet child rearing problems. The results of this research are now ready in the form of the first complete "Mother's Encyclopedia". You will reach for it every time something disturbs the tranquillity of the family, the health and behaviour of your children. At the same time it will be picked up by parents for continuous reading. You can open these books anywhere and find useful suggestions. When you need to know in a hurry the best ideas about

Sex Education	Temper Tantrums
Play Equipment	Finicky Appetites
Laziness	Shyness
Jealousy	Story Telling

you have it here from a reliable source. You cannot afford to experiment with such an important job as motherhood. It is not enough to have people say, "She is a good mother." You must BE one. These four volumes are substantial, beautifully printed library volumes. The type is easy to read. 28 half-tone illustrations, decorative end papers, durable cloth binding, stamped in gold.



The PARENTS' MAGAZINE

is helping over 300,000 mothers with every child rearing problem from crib to college. It brings every month the latest methods developed by leading educators, child specialists and thoughtful parents. The regular price of a subscription for "The Parents' Magazine" for three years is \$6.00 (single copy value \$9.00). You get these four large volumes FREE with a three-year subscription (36 issues) for \$5.50 or you can pay for it \$1.00 a month for six months. Very little to pay for the first and only complete "Mother's Encyclopedia" and three years of the magazine which mothers call an inspiration, guide and friend.

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GOING TO THE THEATRE

With Don Herold



Mr. O'Neill in
Sheep's Clothing

MR. Eugene O'Neill has finally emerged from miasmic adolescent bogs (and high time it is, at his age!) and given us a play not only without cancer, rape, paresis or arson in it, but one rich in humor and delightful in its realistic reflection of wholesome human life . . . one of the best plays of the present decade . . . and one serving as the vehicle for one of the grandest performances for many seasons . . . by that ripened old trouper, George M. Cohan.

When the theatre gets as good as this, glory hallelujah!

At least three performances in *Ab, Wilderness!* will make theatrical history: that by Mr. Cohan as the tolerant, mellow, understanding father of a boy who is just discovering himself spiritually, mentally and biologically; that of Elisha Cook, Jr., as the boy; and that of Gene Lockhart (who is stepping forward as one of the country's foremost character actors) as bibulous Uncle Sid.

And what a relief it is to find O'Neill admitting that, after all, the human race isn't going to pot. Most of his plays since *Anna Christie* have seemed to me like so many sophomore stomach aches. But I'd say now that the boy has a future.

I came as near crying as I ever have since *Sonny Boy*, when George Cohan was trying painfully, falteringly, to tell his son some of the facts of life and discovered that he didn't have to . . . when there was flashed between father and son that signal of mutual understanding which is the biggest thing in the world to a father or son when it comes . . . if ever.

George Cohan, former song-and-dance man, producer, playwright, patriarch of tin-pan alley, here registers as about the top actor of his time. I've been reluctant to admit it completely before; I couldn't unreservedly join the chorus that went up over his *Pigeons and People* last season; I thought that

he blew up and went a little song-and-dance before the end of *that*; but in this instance, he remains quiet, thoughtful, lovable to the finish, a calm captain of his own artistic soul and of his audience to the final curtain, and, in the part he plays, the steady pilot of his family through a momentarily tempestuous sea. What's all the shootin' for? Why simply that his boy, Richard, full of thoughts too big for his head and emotions too big for his heart, thinking that his girl has thrown him over, goes off to get on his first drunk and to touch pitch.

And for once, Mr. O'Neill does not make this the cue for unloading a train-load of pitch.

As the young boy sat, dejected, on



that old boat at the beach in the moonlight and soliloquized (yes, we have to forgive Mr. O'Neill a couple of soliloquies in this show) "Life is a joke and everything works out wrong in the end," I thought what a perfect picture Mr. O'Neill was drawing of himself of years gone by.

But Eugene O'Neill has at last earned his long pants.

He has learned that profundities inferred are ever so much better than profundities dictated in so many words to Miss Dimple.

* * *

AS THOUSANDS CHEER yips assiduously and acidly at the heels of current (and sometimes not-so-current) events, and I

rather like that in a review. It was the intention of the old *Ziegfeld Follies* to do this—in fact, that is why they were called the *Follies*—but Mr. Ziegfeld could find no one smart enough to keep up the kidding for him, and, besides, he, himself, was really more interested in glorifying the American gal.

"Revue Bites Foibles" might be an appropriate headline for a discussion of *As Thousands Cheer*, because the show is interspersed with newspaper headlines throughout, and the opening sketch concerns a man who has been bitten so repeatedly by his wife's fisty little peke, that he finally retaliates.

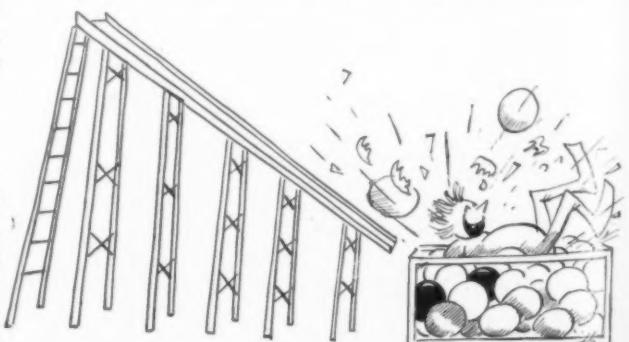
Some of the chapters are pretty harsh, I feel. For example, that one picturing the departure of the Hoovers from the White House. This one is, in reality, just another and an elongated Hoover joke, and Hoover jokes aren't

exactly the newest thing in the world. And I rather hate to see Mrs. Hoover dragged in, for no President's wife ever did a better job of remaining the innocent bystander. (Now, if Mr. Roosevelt flops, the sketch writers may go for Mrs. Roosevelt plenty, for she has had no hesitancy about putting her oar into the public puddle.)

Any show which Moss Hart writes is sure to have plenty of sharp

barbs, and the thrusts are certain to be worth anybody's evening. And any show for which Irving Berlin writes the music is sure to be worth wiring home about (*Postal Telegraph*, please).

Our pet, Helen Broderick, is in the thing, playing everybody from the Goddess of Liberty to Queen Mary. Marilyn Miller is back, as graceful and charming and devoid of voice as ever, and without much to do, except an



Century of Progress—Joe Cook version. Dave Chasen slides down a chute into a crate of toy balloons.

excellent imitation of Lynn Fontanne and one of Joan Crawford, plus a funny-paper number which, it seemed to me, belongs in Barnum's circus rather than in this otherwise pretty adult entertainment. Clifton Webb is there, and I like him much better than usual because he does less dancing (it's good dancing, I know, but it always makes me want to bite my nails and scream) and because he has more chances as a comedian, as which, I have decided, he is a card. (See his John D. Rockefeller and Mahatma Gandhi.) But the show is made for me by Ethel Waters, colored warbler soop-erb. She's as rich as a chocolate layer cake, as full of personality as a carload of chimpanzees, and she must use a Fuller radiator brush for a toothbrush. By the way, what a show an all-colored Irving Berlin show would be!

It invariably embarrasses me when anybody tries to look like Hoover, Teddy Roosevelt, Washington, Lincoln or Wilson on the stage. I wish they would do that with mirrors.

• • •

I HAVE been planning all Summer to go to the Century of Progress, but I don't see much sense in going, now that Joe Cook has come to town with his coal-burning horse, his cigar-lined campaign overcoat, and his trainload of Gargantuan gadgets, in *Hold Your Horses*. This is the kind of progress in which I am interested, progress in absurdity. What do I care what progress has been made in business machines, agricultural implements or poison gases, as long as I can go to the Winter Garden and see Dave Chasen slide down a chute into a crate of toy balloons?

Hold Your Horses is the maddest and merriest of all of Joe Cook's tours into the laughosphere. In previous productions he has been crazy; in this one he is frenzied—gloriously, divinely cockeyed. He is the most ingenious, the freshest, the most original and most delightful humorist of our stage.

Wait a minute until I pull myself together.

The story—oh, let that go.

A plot thread in a Joe Cook show is of about as much use as an ear-cord on a straw hat. (You won't believe it, but I'm wearing a felt hat right now with a rubber ear-cord on it. If that isn't persistence of a vestigial non-essential!)

Joe Cook carries more props than the Herolds had with them on the train on that trip to California when Hildegarde was a baby.

"WHERE TO, PLEASE?"



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YOU will probably smell faintly of iodofrom for a week after you have seen *Men in White*, but you will be glad you've been through it and had it over with. Once I've made up my mind to face one of these things, I like to go right down and get it off my mind, don't you?

It is painful and serious and awfully well done. I hurt like everything, yet enjoyed it immensely, because it has a lot of integrity. There are internes all over the place, hypodermics and trays, and bodies going by horizontally, and

world offers you. The telephone is one of the chief instruments by which you can seize them. With it you are ready for what may come—for opportunity, for emergency, for the brief word that may open a fresh chapter in your life.

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an ambitious young doctor whose selfish fiancée doesn't want him to give so much time to his career, and a nurse who leads him into getting her into rather gruesome difficulties.

There is some of the Arrowsmith quality in it, with an older surgeon preaching the beauty of service to his protégé, and playful young internes more interested in eats and skirts than in their work. Alexander Kirkland has a winning bedside manner as the young doctor torn between love and life work. (For further comments see page 48)

QUEERESPONDENCE

Conducted by Professor Gurney Williams

Prize Winners



DEAR PROF: Has anyone ever succeeded in getting one olive out of a new jar without tearing up the first layer?—Katherine Lee Wood, 222 S. Adams St., Elk City, Okla.

Dear Katherine: This problem is about as difficult as that of opening a can of sardines with the key that comes with the can. There is only one known case of anyone who has succeeded in "breaking in" a bottle of olives (especially the stuffed variety) without hacking the first layer to pieces with an ice pick, and this case is of no particular aid to housewives at large because it involves an extremely complicated system. However, it was devised by a Mrs. George White of Atlantic City, N. J., and consists of the following steps:

1. Clamp bottle upside down in a vise and remove bottom with a glass cutter.

2. Release bottle, pour off salt brine into a bowl, and put bottle back in vise right side up.

3. Unscrew tin cap by (a) tapping smartly with a hammer, (b) wrapping dish towel around cap and spraining wrist, and (c) finally punching a jagged hole in top and unscrewing cap with a pair of pliers.

4. Remove olives and throw bottle away.

5. Write to your favorite olive packer and ask him for Pete's sake to design an olive bottle that you can get at without, good night, throwing the entire kitchen into an uproar.

conducted experiments designed to prove what we all know: that guest towels bring out an "avoidance reaction" in guests. He built a complete bathroom in his laboratory and then conducted a large class in clay modeling, the students of which were required to wash their hands at least once during the one-hour class. When the students entered the sample bathroom they were confronted with three (3) snowy white guest towels and two (2) slightly soiled "family" towels. In a class of 64 students only one had the temerity to use one of the guest towels. His name was Bescociewz, a football player who had been brought up on a North Dakota cattle ranch.

Mr. Morris tried several variations of the experiment, such as cutting off all four corners of the family towels, dipping the corners in diluted ink, and hiding the towels in a clothes hamper, but the students still refused to touch the guest towels. He finally came to the conclusion that a hostess who wishes to avoid this situation must keep her bathroom supplied with clean, well ironed family towels at all times, and make certain that guest towels are well rumpled, slightly damp, and carelessly thrown over the towel rack.

"Up front! Move up in front, please!"?
—Charles H. Morgan, 159 Church St., San Francisco.

Dear Charles: No, and no conductor expects anybody to take him seriously. The custom of urging passengers to move up front was adopted many years ago by the American Car Conductor's Association as a consolation to members who felt that motormen had the best of everything. As the president said at the time: "We conductors do nothing but change five-dollar bills and get stepped on by that gang on the rear platform, while the motormen ding their bells all day and have swell fun. Gee whiz!"

The association knew full well that people would much rather jam themselves in the rear of the car (so they could step on each other's toes and gouge around with umbrellas) than actually move up front where there is usually more room, so it was decided that conductors could henceforth shout a logically futile command, as a sort of safety valve to their feelings. Any conductor will tell you frankly (if you get him sufficiently drunk) that if any crowd of passengers ever actually moved up front when he yelled at them, he'd turn in his suit and take to the showers.

• • •
Dear Prof: Is there any known instance of a week-end guest taking all his belongings with him when he went home?—Amy Abell, Phila., Pa.



"My wife dropped in today and insisted on rearranging the furniture."

Dear Prof: Is there any way of preventing guests from surreptitiously using corners of family towels even when there are plenty of guest towels in the bathroom?—Richard A. McLean, Lincoln, Mass.

Dear Richard: The guest towel question is one of the most baffling of all domestic difficulties, and nothing can be done about it unless the hostess resorts to trickery, which will be explained later.

Mr. Walter Morris, a psychologist at the University of Michigan, became interested in the psychological aspects of the problem several years ago and

Dear Amy: There is no record of any kind of guest accomplishing this feat. A New Yorker named Dave Thompson did his best to manage it one week-end last summer in Bronxville, N. Y., but in spite of careful preparations he failed. Before going out to Bronxville Mr. Thompson made a list of all the articles he packed in his bag, one of the items being "one shirt." When it came time for him to return to New York Monday morning (and about time, thought the hostess) Mr. Thompson looked at his list, mistook the word "shirt" for "skirt," crossed it off impatiently and returned home leaving the shirt. It has since been laundered and put in the bottom drawer of the host's bureau where it will remain until Mr. Thompson goes back, being a size too small for the host.

Dear Prof: Has any fantastic invention, as depicted on the cover of a "scientific" magazine, ever become a reality?—John A. Fray, P. O. Box 232, Hollywood, Cal.

Dear John: Yes indeed. Several years ago an unknown mechanic in Illinois bought a copy of a "scientific" magazine, the cover of which depicted a bright red, streamline conveyance rushing through the stratosphere at 2,000 miles an hour. Passengers could be seen through the windows playing cards, shooting pool and otherwise enjoying a comet-like but comfortable trip. This so impressed the mechanic that he quietly borrowed \$45,000 from an invalid uncle, bought a large barn in the country, and set about to build a duplicate of this strange car. He worked hard for three years and at length, in spite of the jeers of neighbors, brought the magazine cover to life. It was a magnificent machine and many thousands of people assembled to watch its test flight. The builder, after a short speech, climbed into the car with "Twinkles," his mascot, and closed the door. The machine, however, refused to budge an inch and is now in use as a hot dog stand.

BE a Queerrespondent. This department will pay \$5 for each question accepted for answer. There are no rules—no time limit—all you have to do is write your questions on a postcard or sheet of paper and send them—as many as you like—to Prof. G. Williams, LIFE, 60 East 42nd St., New York City. None will be returned.



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THE MOVIES

As Seen By Harry Evans



FRIENDS, Romans and highbrows, pin back your ears, because Evans is about to take a full swing at "Art." This word covers everything from a zig-zag painting called "Birth Of A Zephyr" to six gals in chiffon remnants doing splits in midair called "Dance Of The Two Virgins." If you find yourself in a company witnessing these things and are honest, you will turn to the intense, deep-breathing gentleman on your right and whisper, "Say! What the hell is it all about?" The gentleman will eye you coldly, place his hand on his hip and reply with a flip of his long hair, "That, sir, is Art." "Yeah, I know," you insist. "But how about the other four girls?"

You are, of course, wasting your time. When anybody tells me "It's Art" I lay off and go on about my business, because I figure they are worse off than I am. At least, I will admit that I don't get it. In other words, "Art" means the same thing to me now that "Just Because" meant when I was a wee kiddie and used to ask questions about babies.

Which brings us, if you are still with me, to *Thunder Over Mexico*. When Mr. S. M. Eisenstein, the distinguished Russian motion picture director, arrived in this country on a leave of absence from Soviet Union, Hollywood went into a fit of "Ah's" and "Oh's." Ah, Mr. Eisenstein is going to make a movie over here—and Oh, won't that be somepin'. But Mr. Eisenstein was not entirely happy in Hollywood; in fact, one gathered that he thought it smelled.

Among those who consoled Mr. Eisenstein in his well modulated tantrum was Mr. Upton Sinclair, a "thinker" whose mind, in common with Mr. Eisenstein's, has a habit of barging off into the idealistic and unusual.

"Now look here, S. M.," said Mr. Sinclair, in effect. "It's no use being a lazy bones a'settin' in the California sun. Let's take a run over to Mexico and do an epic of the country. Nobody else is doing one now." It seemed like a good idea at the time to Mr. Eisenstein, so he agreed, amid the cheers of Those-Who-Like-The-Better-Things. "Sinclair and Eisenstein," they breathed (there's an expression I like). "Where

won't they get together. A God-sent meeting of materialist and dreamer—a mating of fact and fancy—logic and free-wheeling."

So down into Mexico they traipsed and started the epic. But Eisenstein was suddenly called back to Russia after he had shot only several hundred thousand feet of film. There was just one more episode to do, and he could have probably finished it in a year or two, but when a Russian's got to go to Russia, he's gotta go.

NOW, I would not state this for a fact, but according to some of the boys out on the coast, Mr. Eisenstein didn't get any telephone call from home at all. Mr. Sinclair sent him home—not with a smile—after a check-up showed that the 220,000 feet of film had cost Mr. Sinclair his last dime and a mortgage on the old place. Then he probably had a good cry and started on the job of saving something from the wreck. To do this he had to reduce 220,000 feet of film, to 7,000 feet.

To run off all film good old S. M. had shot would require a week. This time had to be cut to sixty minutes. Mr. Sinclair finally completed the job, called it *Thunder Over Mexico*, had Dr. Hugo Reisenfeld compose some atmospheric music, and let it go. The premier was greeted with a storm of protest such as has not been accorded a film in a long while. Prominent communists declare that Mr. Sinclair had butchered an Eisenstein masterpiece. Mr. Sinclair's

supporters, including many critics, declare that the film was pure Art, and reflected nothing but glory on Mr. E. But movie fans want to know just one thing—"Is it worth seeing?" Well, here's one man's opinion:

Thunder Over Mexico is full of striking photography of Mexican hills, Mexican skylines, Mexican maguey plants, and Mexican faces. Mostly it's skylines and maguey plants—in fact before the picture was half over I knew every cloud and bush by heart. The story (if you want to pay the plot that compliment) is this. Mexican peon loves girl. They go to the hacienda of the upper crust big shot who owns the plantation and ask his blessing. An old Mexican custom. It's oke with him, but one of his guests, a cad and brawler, gets high on the Mexican hooch* and drags the struggling gal into a room. She comes out of the battle looking pretty embarrassed, but not the least bit mussed up. Probably lost her honor on points.

Her boy friend and his companions then start a shooting bee, but are driven off the place, hunted down on horseback, buried to their necks in sand, and killed by riding horses over their faces. Cute?

This is followed by the usual revolt of the common people against the aristocracy, and the film closes with impressionistic double-exposure shots of banners, bugles and marching crowds depicting the ultimate triumph of mass over class, the dawn of freedom, the birth of a new day, and stuff.

*(Origin of the term, "a high Mexican heel.")



"I'm just amusing myself until you find me a better seat."

But to get back to Art. Some of my friends among the cinema critics have declared that this film "captures the spirit of a country"



... "bases the heartbeat of a race" ... "presents a photographic study of emotions that built an empire."

I don't know. Maybe I saw another picture. They say it's Art. I say it's spinach. Whether or not the film makes money, Mr. Sinclair is to be commended. He wanted very much to do something worthwhile, and went the limit in the effort. (But the next person who refers to him as a "liberal" will probably get a punch in the nose.)

TWO other films in which the cameraman is more important than the cast are *Night Flight* and *S.O.S. Iceberg*.

Night Flight is the highly touted Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film featuring John and Lionel Barrymore, Helen Hayes, Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and Robert Montgomery. The entire action takes place in twenty-four hours, and is supposed to show the hazards encountered by mail pilots flying planes at night on a South American route from Buenos Aires to Santiago.

Some of the air shots are magnificent—in fact most of the flying stuff is interesting—but the story simply does not rate that mess of talent. For instance, Bob Montgomery appears in only two scenes of any consequence, and has only one laugh line. It has to do with a remark in which he intimates that the zipper of his flying suit is a protection against feminine wiles. Tch, tch.

From a standpoint of cast and story, *Night Flight* is disappointing. As a job of photography and technical ingenuity, it has the stamp of excellence that characterizes Metro productions.

• • •
S.O.S. Iceberg is even weaker, from a story angle, but it offers Arctic photography that, in my opinion, puts it on the "Yes" side.

• • •
Whatever you do, keep your kids away from *Wild Boys Of The Road*.

• • •
And another one you can forget is *Stage Mother*. The boys in Hollywood found out that Alice Brady was a grand comedienne in *When Ladies Meet*—so they give her crying parts. (For further comments see next page)

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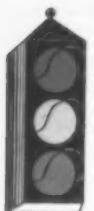
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"STOP & GO" SERVICE

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DRAMA

(Some of these shows are in New York, some on the road, and some may be closed by now. And others may have opened since we went to press. Consult your newspaper.)

A Party. Two gals struggling over a stuffed shirt, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell chipping in matriarchal advice, and Cissie Loftus chipping in a few impersonations.

Dinner at Eight. George Kaufman and Edna Ferber throw a flashlight into the private lives of everybody who is coming to a prospective dinner party. A little fidgety, but it's a "Go". (In some ways, the movie version is better.)

Double Doors. Grim fun behind the stuffy portals of a dark old Fifth Avenue mansion, supposedly the Wendell's, including the poodle. The best of the new season as we go to press.

Heat Lightning. The first good one that came this Fall. Jean Dixon tries to go straight in a desert sandwich stand and gasoline oasis, but Robert Gleckler still pursues her, the rat.

Murder at the Vanities. Earl Carroll tries to mix a murder show and a revue, and produces a mongrel.

Music in the Air. We like Jerome Kern's mountain (Alps) music. Go get an earful of what you think you have been whistling.

One Sunday Afternoon. If you were a dentist, what would you do to a patient who had once stolen your girl and sent you to jail?

Take a Chance. Olsen and Johnson are funny and this show was funny until they got into it. Sounds paradoxical, but there's something the matter. Still, Chicago goes for it.

MOVIES

Ann Vickers (Irene Dunne, Walter Huston, Conrad Nagel, Edna May Oliver)—Good picturization of the novel by Sinclair Lewis, with fine performances by Dunne and Huston.

Beauty For Sale (Alice Brady, Madge Evans, Otto Kruger)—Stranded Southern beauty becomes manicurist, almost cracks that Commandment for the rich, respectful married man, but finally gets him legally. (Smart gang, these Evanses.) Interesting scenes in beauty emporium as dumpy dowagers swap scandal while having their faces lifted and their seats lowered.

Miss Evans keeps her virtue but

loses your interest. Florice McKinney vice versa. Watch this kid. And a cheer for Miss Brady as the rich man's dizzy wife.

Berkeley Square (Leslie Howard, Heather Angel, Colin Keith-Johnston)—Man of the present day is suddenly returned to the 18th Century, retaining his modern ideas of living and loving. Fanciful, better than stage play. Howard's performance as nearly perfect as they come.

Devil's Mate (Peggy Shannon, Preston Foster)—Condemned murderer, about to take his seat in the electric chair, decides to name the Big Shot in the underworld behind the crime. But just as he starts to pronounce the name he drops dead, killed by poisoned dart. There's the situation, and not bad.

Emperor Jones (Paul Robeson, Dudley Digges)—Conscientious effort to film Eugene O'Neill's successful play. Robeson splendid, but negroes in screen leads bring up question of sectional opinion. First part of film excellent. Last reels suffer from overfootage of film in attempt to capture O'Neill's description of Emperor Jones' escape through jungle swamp.

F. P. 1. (Leslie Fenton, Conrad Veidt, Jill Esmond)—Popularity of film in Germany led producers to make English version. "F. P." means Floating Platform—an airplane base in mid-Atlantic for commercial air-way service. Slow pace and over-reaching for camera effects weakens story.

Goodbye Again (Warren William, Joan Blondell, Hugh Herbert, Genevieve Tobin)—For smart fun here's a job that's a lulu. And don't listen to what your friends say about it. If you read this page and usually agree with the writer's opinions on sophisticated movies, see this commentary on domestic wrangles. And Michael Curtiz deserves a medal for his direction.

I Have Lived. No need to mention the players in this stupid, ridiculous production. After all, movie performers must live. Write this one down so you can be certain to miss it.

I Loved a Woman (Edward G. Robinson, Kay Francis, Genevieve Tobin)—Romantic dreamer inherits meat packing business in early days of Chicago, and tries to bring idealism into hard-boiled industry. Sticks to his guns until a singer with whom he falls in love convinces him that success is the big thing, regardless of whose toes you step on. Cast is good, with Miss Tobin the standout.

Mr. Broadway (Ed Sullivan and Prominent Broadway Personalities)—Mr. Sullivan, columnist of the New York *Daily News*, introduces famous Broadway names in atmosphere of well known Manhattan night spots. A bit more dough spent on production would have put it in the green.

Mystery of the Blue Room (Lionel Atwill, Gloria Stuart, Paul Lukas)—Good goose-bumper for fans who like "Boo!" movies. And I doubt if you'll spot the murderer. One of the mysteries is the grandfather clock that strikes four times at one o'clock. Or could it be the N.R.A.?

Shanghai Madness (Spencer Tracy, Fay Wray, Eugene Pallette)—Communists fire on an American ship killing two men. Officer Tracy gets sore and shoots back, against orders—for which he is dishonorably discharged. Joins up with Skipper Pallette, rescues a girl, has a private scrap with the Communists and, naturally, wins back his sword. Tracy and Pallette are very good.

The Bureau of Missing Persons (Lewis Stone, Bette Davis, Pat O'Brien)—Film is composed, for the most part, of cross-section incidents showing the working of this bureau. Interesting, but necessarily jerky.

The Man Who Dared (Preston Foster, Zita Johann)—Biographical flicker based on the life of Mayor Cermak of Chicago. The film character is ornamented with an idealistic strength that proves to be the story's weakness. Too good to be true. I hear that even the folks out in Chicago found it a bit thick.

The Solitaire Man (Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, May Robson, Lionel Atwill)—High-hat gem thief determines to marry the girl and go straight (or vice versa), but becomes involved through a confederate in the pinch of a famous necklace during which a man is murdered. They take a plane from Paris for England, and are arrested in mid-air by a man who claims to be "Inspector So-and-So of Scotland Yard, at your service" (bowing stiffly from the waist). Mary Boland is an American clubwoman from Peoria—the only passenger on the plane other than the thieves and the detective. How the crooks manage to get out of the mess with Mary's aid is interesting and amusing. Cast is excellent, but Miss Boland is individually responsible for putting the film in the green.

Too Much Harmony (Bing Crosby, Jack Oakie, Judith Allen)—Another backstage story, with Bing offering a ditty called "Thanks" to stack up with his former film hit, "Please." The scene in which Oakie effects a Southern accent is a comedy gem. Staging of song-and-dance stuff suffers by comparison with recent musical films. And the love interest is pretty hammy. But enough fun and

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pleasant entertainment to put it on the "yes" side of the line.

BOOKS

- **Dark Moon of March** by Emmett Gowen. Excellent novel about the Tennessee mountains by a hillbilly who comes from those parts.
- **Footnote to Youth** by José Garcia Villa. A new short story find who writes about his native Philippines. Beautiful writing and something entirely new.
- **Homecoming** by Floyd Dell. Pathetic memories of the old Greenwich Village by a man who should try to forget it.
- **Life in the United States**. A collection of 27 narratives which contested for Scribner's Magazine \$1,500 prize. Swell. They give the best picture extant of the color, vigor and uniqueness of American life. All true stories and hummers.
- **Manhattan Madness** by Maxwell Bodenheim. Cheap sensationalism about the present-day phoniness which goes by the name of Greenwich Village, by a man who once had promise.
- **Poor Splendid Wings**—the Rossettis and their circle, by Frances Winwar. Winner of the Atlantic \$5,000 non-fiction prize. Good if you like the Rossettis, which I do not.
- **The Book of Talbot** by Violet Clifton. Extraordinary tale of a great modern adventurer told by his wife and proving that even the English can lack reticence when the subject is worth it.
- **The Doctor's First Murder** by Robert Hare. Best mystery of the month.
- **The Master of Jalna** by Mazo de la Roche. The same lusty, rambunctious family back again. There never has been a bad Jalna book.
- **The Menace of Fascism** by John Strachey. Best book of the month and of many months. Should be read by everybody who cares what America is coming to.
- **The Woman with Two Smiles** by Maurice Le Blanc. Worst mystery of the month. The victim is killed by a meteorite, all unbeknowns. Zowie!

OCTOBER SOLUTION



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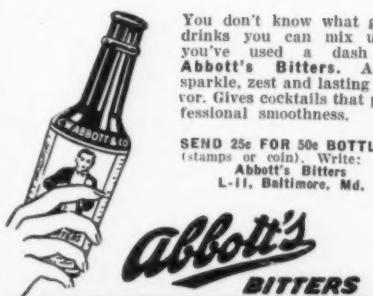
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EMERGENCY BRAKE

I T don' say nothin' in the book.
Course it does.
Well, where?

Right here it tells yuh, page 12—
"The Brake Pedal and Hand Lever both
control the brakes on all wheels. Pull
the hand brake lever back when park-
ing, particularly on inclines."

Y'see, I tolle yuh it don' tell yuh.
But I jes' showed yuh!
Yeah, but they don' tell yuh plain.
Course they tell yuh plain; it's right
here.

Well, it don' even say nothin' 'bout
no 'mergency brake.

It says hand brake lever, don' it?
Well, that's 'mergency brake, only
fancy.

What right they got bein' fancy? It
ain't no fancy car.

It's 'cause y'don' know much, that's
what.

We din' have no 'mergency brake on
the other car, did we?

No, but we had a engine, dint we?
An' for \$47. y'can't have evythin'.

An' look, it don' say nothin' 'bout no
hills, neether.

Sure it does. It says inclines, an'
them's hills. An' if yuh had pulled the
'mergency brake the other night when
we stopped on that hill we wouldn't
a had no accident.

In fron' a Margie's, y'mean?
Yeah, Margie's.

Gee, it's good that truck was there
t'stop us, huh?

Good? It was a miracle, that's what.
Well, they don' tell yuh nothin' in
the book.

Course they tell yuh.
I mean, they don' tell yuh plain.
—Sheila Smith.

Great Minds of Stage and Screen

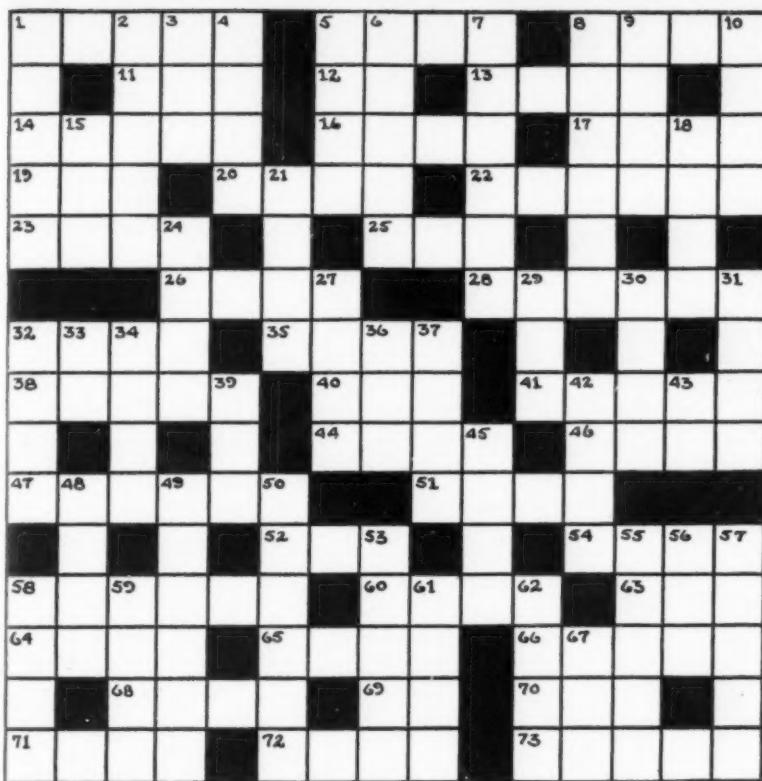
"I really just adore the theatre."
—Ethel Barrymore.

"A farewell tour by Harry Lauder
in a new set of kilts would definitely
indicate that the theatre is on the up-
turn." —Philip Dunning.

"You get no sense of having done
anything when you work in a movie."
—Helen Hayes.

"Life and movies are two different
things." —Betty Bronson.

"My dislike of the movies is well
known." —Ethel Barrymore.



HORIZONTAL

- University play-boys.
- Important athletic post on campus.
- Something put over on the dead.
- Inclined to mince matters these days.
- Sex appeal.
- A high voice.
- The first fruit of evil.
- Half this makes you drunk.
- Some doings.
- Charge.
- This is attached to the palm.
- Always comes to dinner stuffed.
- A great relief to the country.
- That good old school spirit.
- A part of the foot.
- To have an issue.
- Something to set store in.
- One of the seasons.
- Good will.
- Goes on foot.
- A waltz movement.
- A big hit.
- Just a little bit.
- Covering.
- Break down.
- Worth a hoot.
- Lacking in a certain sense.
- Narrow mouthed liquor holder.
- A noisy comeback.
- What it takes to start an argument.
- More than like.
- The borderline.
- You take a back seat for this guy.
- No goods.
- This year of grace.
- Take a look.
- These come with the little fishes.
- Porcelain.
- Comes late in life.

VERTICAL

- Slim support.
- On top.
- Get sick.
- Act.
- Substance of a matter.
- A thing in alternation.
- The more recent.
- The beginnings.
- A fastener.
- Occupied.
- Eaten when not sweet.
- Famous Swiss apple man.
- Bows.
- A money-maker.
- Overhead.
- The early bird.
- All in one.
- Produce.
- When one comes to grips.
- Before noon.
- You'd hate to be taken for this.
- Down but not out.
- The rent.
- Always still.
- Grounds for anything.
- The key-note.
- A mouth-piece.
- A light ring.
- These never stop harping.
- No cheating.
- Pretty weak beer.
- The greatest space-filler.
- Impress fearfully.
- Life begins here, they say.
- Beat it.
- With a strong appetite.
- Give up.
- Turn out.
- This food is fish food.

**Eases the Journey
back to Health**

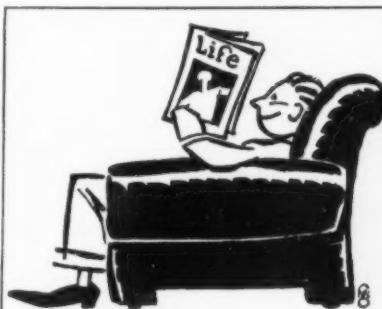
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SUCH IS LIFE!

get too near Miss Dietrich—which action of course would spoil the plot—so he breaks out in song.)
(CAMERA) (*Quiet Please*)

YOU'LL MISS ME WHEN MY RED ANTS TURN TO BLUE

Never mind the rain when sun is shining,
Never mind the sun for love is blind,
And right now my heart for you is pining—

You'll never know a good man's hard to f-i-i-i-nd.

CHORUS

You'll miss me when my Red Ants turn to Blue,
And flowers drown when covered with the dew,

And roosters play the game of Li'l Boy Blue,
While chickens lay each morning two by two.

You'll miss me when the Springtime turns to Fall (bom, bom)

And "I LOVE YOU" becomes a story true,

But most of all you'll miss me in the evening—

For that's the time my Red Ants turn to Blue.

(Scene Cut—To Relief of All)

Many thanks, Mr. Evans, for the humorous side of LIFE's Inspiration. I'll be readin' ya.

—Fay Allen,
New Orleans, La.

Letters

DEAR LIFE: Innumerable times I vow to write a letter commanding the efforts of some individual working in a creative field. Invariably I fail to do so, having to turn out so much "must" copy each day and acquiring in the process a violent distaste for additional wordage. But this time I'm going through with my resolve.

Please extend to Marge—whoever that gay and capricious creature may be—my congratulations on "From Me to You" in which the gals protest against figure changing. . . .

I hope you pay Marge as well as you do your masculine humorists.* If you don't, she should resign and write dialogue for the motion pictures.**

—Eva Mahoney,
Omaha, Neb.

*We do.
**But we DO!

Dear LIFE: Mr. Harry Evans' article on Miss Dietrich in the September issue amused me almost to a point of hysterics, especially when I arrived at the part where he expressed in a song title Mr. Aherne's "pan indications."

I am taking LIFE's liberty of seeing your title to a finish, so here goes.

"SONG OF SONGS"

Scene III.—Act 4—Characters—Marlene Dietrich—Brian Aherne.

(Mr. Aherne tries very hard not to



Margaret Fishback: whose new book "Out of My Head" (Dutton) contains several pieces you've read recently in this magazine.

Chatter

THE picture on page 8 is a photograph of a large cardboard cut-out by ABNER DEAN, who can also draw ordinary pictures, make masks and, in fact, use almost any means of artistic expression. . . . During the last two months we have received the following "true" anecdotes from virtually every city, town, and hamlet in the U.S. (1) A lady's cat died, so she put it in a small suitcase and started toward the river (lake, corner lot) to bury it. A man walked up and said, "Can I carry your suitcase?" and the lady said "Yes," and the man walked off with the suitcase and never came back. (2) A lady got into a taxi and said, "Maternity Hospital, please," and the driver said, "not in my cab, lady!" . . . This is really the last time we can publish them.

—The Editors.